

Evening



Gazette.

VOL. 2.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1878.

NO. 20

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The New York *Tribune* promises that before long the country is to enjoy a release from the present financial depression. The promise is based upon the following assertions: The grain crop, although less than in 1877, will be sufficient for home use and export. Cotton exports will be greater. Exports of domestic produce continue large, and specie exports are one-half less than last year. Money is better, and subscriptions to the four per cent. loan average \$1,000,000 per day. This will in time keep at home the \$80,000,000 which is paid out annually for interest. Resumption will be very easy of accomplishment on January 1, 1879, and with every forward step which the Treasury department makes toward that end, the people are seeing more clearly the absurdity of arguments advanced by Ewing, Voorhees and others. Returning prosperity promises to demonstrate the absurdity of the universal bankruptcy idea.

There is an invalid in Galena, and her name is Edith Francis. An account of her sufferings appears from time to time in the Gold Hill *News*. The symptoms are not regular, but seem to grow out of a combination of disorders. Here is the latest bulletin:

Oh, mournful August days! I hear
The cricket's shrill cry,
And like a mournful cry of fear,
The wind and sea-sounds.
The cornfields rise in serried bands,
The harvest home is nigh—
I only lift my pleading hands,
Unanswered to the sky.

Our medical editor is at fault, but it looks to us like the history of a belligerent complaint, and Tarrant's Seltzert Aperient would do no harm. A morbid disposition towards poetry generally springs from a perverse liver. No charge.

The feminine half of James N. Carter, a custom house inspector, in San Francisco, tonged for Jimmy's presence the other night and went to a beer store where James was wont to congregate. The gentlemanly gin propeller gave Mrs. C. a seat in the back room until hubby should arrive. He came and being a great wag, Jamsey procured the arrest of wifey for violating a saloon ordinance. She was incarcerated and next morning fined five dollars. In this way playful Benedictus entice the wary bachelor into the purchase of licenses. They should have fined the lady \$100, and made Carter serve out the time.

"We are having a genuine political sensation in our State," says a careful observer of Michigan politics. "Ex-Senator Chandler was chosen Chairman of the State Committee by the Republican Convention this year, and he has accepted the position and entered upon the work of the campaign with all the zeal and earnestness of a young man—something which he has not before in many years. I do not need to tell you what that means, for you know that when Mr. Chandler gets hold of the party crank the old machine has to go or get mashed. You may look for a lively fight in Michigan."

The *Footlight*, which is considered the leading organ of Democracy in this State, at least nearest the throne, is anxious for Bradley's renomination, and, in answer to the third term objection, asks us: "What would we think of a merchant who would discharge an honest and faithful clerk in order to make room for a new and untried man, merely because the new man wants the position?" We should think there were degrees of honesty, fidelity and competency and that the merchant was dissatisfied with the old degree. Now what would you think?

The Carson *Appeal* frankly confesses that it agrees with us regarding the name chosen for the Ormsby Agricultural Society. Hear him: "Now we

beg to say one word. In the first place we think that the name selected for our society is, for every reason, the most conspicuously inappropriate one that could be conceived of. Such a selection is of a piece of folly perpetrated by the Sacramento *Record* when, to spite the *Union*, they imitated its type, measure and general looks. There is no need of any such rivalries as that. They never "pay" and do not command themselves to the favor of sensible and fair minded people. Among the earliest things for our society to do is to change its name. Suppose we call it the Carson Park Association; or the Ormsby Stock Raisers' Society; or the Carson Racing and Cattle Show Society. There is something in a name; and in this instance the name has made a deal of bad feeling.

The *Silver State* (Democratic) says of Senator Jones: "He was chosen Senator by a large majority, and it is generally conceded that he has filled the position faithfully and honestly. During the five years of his Senatorial career his record shows no connection with rings or robbery of any kind. He has worked diligently for the best interests of the State, and why the Virginia *Chronicle* and Eureka *Sentinel*, which supported him six years ago, should oppose him now, is one of the mysteries of politics, which only those connected with those journals, and perhaps Red Frank Wheeler, can reveal."

Kate Lorrence, the female pedestrian is in trouble. The comely agent who exacted filthy lucre at the door of K's shows, has proved fair, fat and false, according to the lady's statement. The agent writes a letter to the *Footlight* saying he would write Kate up if the details were not unfit for publication. Katherine replies that Evans, the agent, has reneged on a wife and two children in Pennsylvania. She also adds that she scoffs and spits at Mr. Evans. We are sorry about this, as it renders the firm unstable. The intensity of our sorrow is here briefly shown—\$8.50.

The Nevada *Tribune* objects to Connor because he is a Catholic, and the *Silver State* says: "Here we have the candid admission of the Nevada *Tribune*, a Republican journal published at the State capital, that it secretly nurtures in its bosom a powerful organization that can not and dare not vote for a Catholic." The *Silver State* is a little hasty, just as it wanted to be. In jumping at conclusion it has betrayed its weakness. For it certainly must be a weak cause that needs such bolstering. The *Silver State* is looking for straws.

They now seek to show that Governor Bradley will lead an independent movement in case the Democrats refuse to nominate him. The rumor originates with a Eureka exchange and we do not believe it has any foundation. Bradley has filled many Democratic seats with fear, but there does not appear to be any apprehension in the Republican ranks on his account. He can not be beaten for the nomination by the *Sentinel's* attack, but he will be beaten at the polls anyway.

Concerning Mr. Hagerman's astute way of corralling the callow Democratic vote, the *Lyon County Times* says: "Young man," said Mr. Hagerman to an aspiring young Democratic politician in Virginia City, the other day, "young man, if you go to the State Convention, don't go for Bradley or for anyone else, but go Democratic; and as he said this the honest Washoe reformer winked. Now, what did he mean by that wink?"

JONE CITY, August 22.—Frederick Huttner, a brewer of this place, died at noon to-day. The deceased had drunk nothing but beer for fourteen

or fifteen years, water never passing his lips in that time.

Canting hypocrites and slimy imps of a false morality will condemn this fiery Rupert of the beer-keg—this white plumed Navarre of the vat. But, as for us, we'll drink to the repose of his soul, and shed gallons of lager to his dripping memory. He had lots of fun.

The Elko *Independent* in a moment of dreamy soliloquy sings this little hymn of praise:

Here music is taught in the schools,
Music is fostered by the church,
Music is cultivated in every household.
Music literally pervades the air of Elko.

And all the time the bray of the canvassing Democrat, and the bustle of the pack trains moving Tuscarora-wards were the only sounds which visited the editorial ear.

The hell-hound of capital, who runs the San Francisco Stock Exchange, truckling to the lecherous bondholders and thaves in broadcloth who back him and his dirty, vagabone sheet, dares to speak of the white plumed navarre of the sandlot as "Dennis Kearney, the gutter snipe of the political back alleys" and "the ruffian who has got his vocabulary by raking the gutters of speech for putrid prizes."

Carver will shoot with Bogardus, and vice versa. The stakes are not fixed, but the callow scribbler of the East discovers that these two great men are personally antagonistic. We sincerely hope not. What with the Nationals, Greenbacks and currency questions, the nation is struggling for life now.

The Comstockers have starved the milk men of Storey for the last twenty years by slighting milk as an article of food. The milk-man, anxious for a livelihood, no sooner took to feeding slops, swill, shin-bones and old railroad iron to his cows than the entire community rises as one man to abuse his economy.

We owe an apology to that bright and readable paper, the Nevada tri-weekly *Herald*. Our mailing monkey has been sending the *Herald's* exchange to Grass Valley instead of Nevada City. The postmaster at the former town was a long time in finding out our mistake, which has now been rectified.

A bill allowing women to vote in school meetings passed the House of Representatives of New Hampshire on Thursday, it having previously passed the Senate by a vote of nine to three. This is the first substantial legislative victory won by the women suffragists of New England.

Deacon Parkinson, better known as "Verbum Sap" of the Carson *Tribune*, is a queer tactician. After unscrupulously following the behests of the "Compromisers" in 1877, he now condemns the men who yielded to his superior logic. Mr. Parkinson is a *Fiat justitia*.

Pausing for a moment in its nearly completed work of reforming the world, the GAZETTE desires to know what the deuce Wells Drury, of the Gold Hill *News* means by becoming the father of such a verbal pollywog as "polytous?"

Cassidy, of the Eureka *Sentinel*, announces that he is not a candidate for Congress. Mr. Cassidy has never been a candidate of prominence except in his own mind. Like Fabius of old, he will win his victories in future by retreating.

Dick Rule has severed his connection with the *Footlight*, and the columns of that paper already regret his

absence. There was much individuality about Richard, and his intellectual feasts were always served with pepper and spice.

A Boston minister takes his people on an excursion, and preaches to them when they reach an island. If he played that trick on a Nevada picnic crew he would have to place an armed guard around the boat to make a success of it.

Register your letters when you send money to friends in the Black Hills or Arizona. It saves the road agents a great deal of trouble when they stop the stage.

The Burly *Hawkeye* brutally asks: "Why is it right to steal from the government?" Because the government keeps Indian agents and Potter investigations to justify you.

The following is the registered total yield of a few Mexican mines: The Rio Grande, \$650,000,000; the Potosi, over \$1,000,000,000. One mine, the Pavilion, produced for five years \$20,000 per day, when interrupted by a flood of water. Opened again, in ten years it produced \$50,000,000. It subsequently lay idle until 1871, since which time it has regularly produced an annual yield of \$13,400,000.

Michael Reese is dead, and the heirs will now multiply. One has already appeared in the person of a half-breed whose name is "Remeses," which being transposed becomes M. Reese's. Suit will be brought to compensate the illegitimacy of this young man with filthy lucre.

The *Silver State* alleges that Senator Jones advocated the silver bill while Congressman Wren opposed it. Mr. Wren has the floor, and in our opinion will need to occupy it a short time to refute the charge.

An exchange asks why people always discuss European politics as though they understood them?

Because they are envious of the Gold Hill *News*.

DELEGATES AND CONVENTIONS.

In the absence of a direct vote, delegated powers must stand for the acts of individuals. When the voter selected his candidate as well as the party, the power of government was transferred directly to the officer-elect from the people whom he was to serve. This made it difficult for the people to shirk the responsibility for any evils which followed, and yet it was also easier for the voter to decide against his own interest. There was no adequate system which could mark the progress of public desires toward fulfillment. It was all done at once, and the people were, by their direct act, either betrayed or protected. John Hopkins came before the people and said what he would try to do. Mr. H. was then elected or defeated upon these issues, coupled with his personal name and fame. The politician was merely engaged for his ability and record before the people, to repeat the political beliefs and intents of his candidates. There was no machinery to take place of many men. The ballot was the implement which, in the hands of citizens, struck directly at the political structures of party or faction for their up-building or destruction.

Politics and political methods have, however, passed, under the process of division, into a system. Labor's political are now divided and classed and the processes of delegation nomination and election are nicely joined together as a party machine which has no power and strength to remove the artisan farther from the result of his work. This machine is as strong when reversed as in forward action, and we want to make the

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Extensive halibut canneries have been established near Victoria.

The sentences of eighty communists have been commuted by President McMahon.

A pamphlet printed in Washington attacks severely the managers of the Freedmen's Bank.

Simon Quinlan has sold his interest in Hooley's theatre, Chicago, to R. M. Hooley for \$15,000.

On the 22d, the Cheyenne stage was stopped, ninety miles south of Deadwood City, by three men who robbed the passengers and mail bags.

In a shooting affray near San Luis Obispo, on the 20th, Francis Castro and T. B. Jones received wounds which resulted fatally.

The chrome interest at San Luis Obispo is growing into great importance. The product now exceeds 50 tons daily. There are 2500 tons now at the depot awaiting shipment.

The Democratic Congressmen, as soon as they set a foot in Washington are asked to plank down \$50 for needful expenses.

It is stated that proof has been discovered of Servaria's complicity in the Bosnian insurrection. Montenegro is accused of a like violation of international obligations.

Ten clerks in the Philadelphia Water Department have been arrested and charged with systematic robbery extending over ten years and reaching several hundred thousand dollars.

A commissioner is seeking at the various European capitals such a modification of the treaty of Berlin concerning the Jews, as will avert the necessity of an election of a Constituent Assembly to amend the Roumania Constitution.

The Sioux do not want to leave their present location for the Missouri river, but are willing to go to a point southwest of the Black Hills and the southern part of Dakota, near the old reservation.

Political campaign clubs having been organized in Phillips county, Arkansas, after the manner of military companies, the Governor of the State has issued an order that all such organizations must disband and affirming that no association of a military character can lawfully exist without the authority of the commander-in-chief.

A Sweet, Sweet Story.

How sweet it is, in imagination, at least, to die for love! He was only eighteen, and many and many a morn-ing, before the severe task of the day, he had stood before the looking-glass, feeling his upper lip with tender and anxious care, in the hope that a single stray hair might be found, the harbinger of the manly moustache. She was sixteen, the girl of the auburn hair, a color which she found was very hard to match. Their two souls beat as one, but the cruel parents, grim and gray, forbade the bans, and all because, forsight, the young couple had only \$6 a week to begin house-keeping with. Could they not live on locusts and wild honey? Must filthy lucre stand in the rosy path of love, and hard-hearted fathers talk about facts, about rent, and porridge, and brown bread, and such pitiful subjects, when all the lovers asked for was moonshine! Well, if they could not live together they could at least die together. A bottle of laudanum was procured; they kissed, embraced, then swallowed the dose. Result of this romantic story—only one funeral, alas! He got well, unwillingly; but still he got well; and now his moustache has grown and so has his salary, and possibly his brains have swollen a little, and, in sweet forgetfulness of the past, he sits under the full moon, with his arms around another girl's waist. Such is life!—N. Y. Herald.

The State Treasury of Missouri is in a bad way. There are \$220,000 in railroad bonds which have been paid but were never canceled and which may turn up at any moment and claim payment. The present Treasurer was given by his predecessor, as cash, a check on the Mastin bank for \$296,000, and the bank has collapsed. Payment of \$128,000 in another bank has been refused.

Hiram H. Kempton, who is wanted to testify in the South Carolina bribery cases, declines to go on account of the civil suits that might be brought against him. The requisition issued by the State authorities for his arrest is being argued in Boston.

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L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, in San Francisco. is duly authorized to act as our agent.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The colored voters of Nevada are up near the bowspirit of the political vessel, each one with a hammer and nails intent upon nailing "old glory" to the mast.

George H. Rogers, President of the Nevada State Colored Union League, has just selected a large-sized rhetorical spike, and drives it into the unwashed coffin with a sledge of the following calibre: "I now deem it my duty to call upon all Vice-Presidents of the league to assist me in the diffusion of knowledge among those who need our advice. We indeed comprehend that 'tis better to stand firm to old and tried friends than to seek those whom we can not trust. We believe that wrong will be righted, and with the past as a criterion for a more brilliant future, we believe our State Convention will heal all wounds, and create a new impetus in the hearts of all true lovers of liberty and freedom to rally! No obstacle should deter the negro from rallying around the grand old party, and agree to the principles set forth in our Constitution."

The Eureka *Sentinel* is catching votes for the Democracy, and uses this sort of bait: "A writer in *Science Gossip* observes that grazing animals eat a great quantity of dirt. The penchant of Bradley Democrats for that sort of diet is what entitles them to be turned out to grass." The next day the *Sentinel* patted itself on the back with a half column editorial wherein it was set forth that the only paper which did not make personal flings, and offer insult to political opponents lived upon the base range. There is some question about the favor with which the *Sentinel*'s anti-Bradley zeal will be received.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Virginia *Chronicle* is evidently a man of fashion, and accustomed to breathe the refined air of the Nob Hill world.

With the true daddy-da-languor of the thorough swell he relates a conversation he recently had over the lunch table with a young lady of the very highest respectability and ton.

While the lovely and fashionable creature was about making a remark this favored correspondent delicately describes her as "flinging a rosy lip over a fat shrimp." You can always tell the real gentleman somehow.

The Eureka *Leader* says that the Compromise in Eureka is rough on the boys who engineer the voters. The Democrats had been promising aid at the polls, and in anticipation of a Wren-Connor war every unemployed politician and striker anticipated steady and lucrative employment.

One strange part of the matter is that the *Seated* seemed to know more about an adjustment in the Republican ranks than did the *Leader*.

The Cherry Creek *Independent* believes that the Democrats are "willing to keep up their courage," when they promise to elect a Democrat in place of Jones. That paper points to Jone's ability as an organizer, and also notes the universal admiration which is felt for him among voters in this state. The Lyon County *Times*, however, differs with the *Independent*, and we shall still consider the question in doubt.

It is evident that the proprietors of the leading New York and London newspapers are not aware that a phenomenal journalist is buried in Silver City. He gleams with a phosphorescent glare through the columns of the Lyon County *Times*. This mean and underhanded fling is occasioned by the fact that we were guilty of a grammatical error last week, and Picotte found it out.

The editor of the Lyon County *Times* says that Lake Tahoe has no social standing. There is, it seems to us, considerable presumption in a man born in Canada and reared in the Sutro tunnel passing judgment on the social standing of anybody or anything. Riding behind a mule on a car in the dark in a hole in the ground is not the way one usually becomes acquainted with the usages of the most brilliant society.

D. O. Mills, the well-known capitalist and money maker, is on the Comstock. Mr. Mills distinguished himself last year by espousing the cause of the celestial at Washington. He is visiting this region probably for the purpose of looking into the projected extension of the V. & T. R. R. to Bodie.

General Connor claims forty votes in the west, and with the Nye delegation and five votes from Eureka, he will go in with about fifty votes, which is more than any other gubernatorial aspirant is likely to muster on the first ballot. If the Crawford plan prevails in Storey General Connor is liable to disappointment about those forty votes.

The "thoughtometer" is the latest. It is nothing else than an instrument for the measurement of thought. The *Foot-light* is tremulous over the probable perfection of this instrument at an early day, and the editor, in writing two columns about the invention, delicately insinuates that he has no use for the instrument.

Somebody in or about Carson has been violating the game law, and Hub Parker, like a true sportsman, has resolved to veto such practices. He is after the pot hunters, and they will do well to reform. This is the manner of Mr. Parker's pursuit: "I hereby offer a reward of fifty (\$50) dollars for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the persons who sent the District Judge of Storey county, Nevada, the one dozen and a half of quail spoken of in the Virginia *Daily Stage* of August 21, 1878.

The Wren-Connor feud in Eureka is described as the "war among the roses." After claiming strength for the faction the agitators now say that Connor had no strength because he was poor, and the disinterested spectators think that a Kinkead rose may bloom where once the Connor variety grew. Nobody knows, everybody cares.

And another one of the *Gazette*'s friends is running for office in Humboldt. R. A. Pryor will be the next Sheriff of that county, barring accidents. The *Silver State* will excuse our meddling, but really among acquaintances here and in Ormsby, Pryor is mentioned as a capable officer and worthy citizen.

A small paper in Virginia is very much excited over the report that it is authority for the assertion that Governor Bradley will lead an independent movement. The world at large is scratching its head, and does not know what the difference may be whether the small paper is authority or not.

The *Silver State* comments upon the remarkable quiescence of the dear people, and the phenomenal assurance of candidates who coolly determine what the vote shall be beforehand.

That paper says that Eureka county may yet be in favor of Daggett or Kinkead for Governor, and against Wren for Congress.

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Pretending that it feels injured at not having been given credit for the item from its columns, the *Gold Hill News* tells how the *National Police Gazette* has illustrated "A Romance of the Road—How a Bold Sarsfield Guardsman Rescued an Imperiled Damsel from the Clutches of a Villain near Gold Hill, Nevada." Such fame as this excites the malignant envy of a family journal like the *Gazette*. Trot out an imperilled damsels, somebody, and give your home papers a chance.

The Eureka *Sentinel* undertook to review Representative Wren's Congressional record a few days ago. Mr. Wren happened to be in Eureka and for once decided to reply to Cassidy's misrepresentations. He convicted that bullioniferous blockhead of willful lying, whereupon Cassidy with his sole stock in trade—journalistically or politically—assumed that he was too big a personage to reply to a Congressman. We may now expect that able exponent of general ignorance and disgraceful spite, the *Sentinel*, to keep quiet for a while.

A dispatch from Cincinnati dated the 25th instant contained the following gem: "At a conference of several labor leaders to-night Kearney was asked what he meant by 'pooling issues.' He replied: 'Knock the first man down who disagrees with you; capture the State.' That's our own dear Dennis, all over.

The people of the East needn't be scared.

Dennis wouldn't knock anybody.

That fiercely idiotic answer was merely another way of saying that he didn't

know what the devil he did mane at all at all be that party phrase—pooler issues. It's always the way with Dennis and other greater men of his charming class. A sensible question is to them as water is to a mad dog, and their fury is merely caused by an angry fear that their ignorance may be found out. The clear intelligent understanding of the right of free speech possessed by Dennis is nicely shown by his blustering and nonsensical reply to a reasonable inquiry.

Deacon Parkinson is now saying "verbum sap" about the young ladies. Hear: "At such a time hasty and rash words may be spoken and inconsiderate steps may be taken by an inexperienced girl, which, talked of, magnified, recalled, cast in her face in moments of irritation, and discussed among the neighbors, may kill her self-respect and endanger her future. A wise mother in such a critical time will stand between her child and the outside world, see how much is accidental and temporary, and how much is a sign of a bad basis of character, and with a wise discrimination, and a patient elder-sisterly gentleness, will hold up her daughter and help her through till she is strong enough to stand alone." This literary dry rot is not valuable unless it proves that "Nux Vomica" would make a model "elderly sister," or priceless second wife for some needy widower.

In San Francisco, on Third street, on Monday, in full day, a restaurant dish-washer, 24 years of age, crept up behind a little school girl 13 years old, and shot her in the back. The child will probably die. William Baker is the name of the dish-washer. It was excessive affection which led him to assassinate the little girl. Such love as this is very touching, and on reading of such devotion, the sympathetic heart longs to see the dear young man led out before his fellow-citizens and placed on a platform where all may see him. There should be a trap in the platform, and the loving youth should be forced to fall through it with a rope around his neck. Then anyone who wanted to should be allowed to help him to heaven by pulling on his feet hard.

The Modoc *Independent* learns from the *Gazette* that an effort is being made in Reno to open a direct road from Reno to Alturas, in order to draw the trade of that section to Reno. Said road is to run from Reno through Long valley, on the east side of Honey Lake valley, thence through Horse Lake valley and Madaline plains to this place. The *Independent* says that "Were the charges of the C. P. R. R. Co. for freight and passengers less exorbitant, such a plan might succeed, but with the present rates the Redding road will always have the preference of the people west of Surprise Valley." The *Gazette* has not heard of such a road as that proposed. We are, however, surprised to learn that Modoc county does not want good roads to Reno. That want has often been urged, and we thought it was very desirable. Will the *Independent* explain more fully?

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A man recently died in his bed at Peckham, England, from suffocation, produced by eating a hearty supper. The undigested food rose and choked him to death in his sleep. A man who will allow undigested food to rise and choke him doesn't deserve to live. We don't set up for desperadoes to put up that we could kick out of our bed all the undigested food that dared to crawl into it.

Whenever a newspaper by the dillidgent exercise of cowardice and stupidity comes as near being a sheet of blank paper as it is possible for anything with type in it to be, be sure that that newspaper will frequently have something to say on the subject of "legitimate journalism," and be a great stickler for the "respectability of the press."

Talmadge insists that there are holidays in Heaven as well as upon earth. We are with Brother Talmadge in this matter. We have no doubt, either, that there are eight-hour leagues in paradise. No working-angel should be forced to labor on his harp more than a third of the time.

The *Nevada State Reprint* this morning modestly objects to parents naming their children after distinguished persons. We have noticed of late that a great many youngsters are staggering around Nevada with Christopher Columbus tied on to them for a handle.

Mr. L. I. Hogle informs the *Times-Review* that Governors Kinkead and Batterman will next week visit Tuscarora.

The slimy vagabone who maintains his hell-bound existence by filling the putrid columns of the San Francisco *Stock Exchange* with scrofulous abuse of Sir Rupert Kearney now blows his fetid breath upon the white-plumed editor of this metropolitan journal. He describes him as "a miserable hicksplite of a corrupt monoplist." Though midnight skies and hell itself overflow with the festering corpse of the lecherous bondholder of the *Exchange*, there will be a row when the *Gazette*'s boss Navarre goes to the Bay. We'll shrew the plains wide!

At a recent sand lot meeting Barton Hill was arraigned and asked why he had dared to invite the Chinese embassy to visit his theatre. Mr. Hill said humbly that he meant no offense to the workingmen—merely did it in a managerial capacity. These explanations are getting too thin. If Mr. Hill's crime can be explained in that way, the Kearneyite might as well pawn his tomahawk, for there will be no grounds upon which to assassinate any of the lecherous bondholders. The merchant, even, who sells John supplies, will go scot free.

General Connor has requested the Republican Committee of Nye to rescind its action and allow delegates to go to convention unpledged. This act is a large card in Mr. Connor's favor, as he says that he will not allow any suspicion of sharp practice to attach to his candidacy. R. M. Daggett, of the *Enterprise*, has followed the lead of Connor. The Crawford plan in Storey is merely another way of pledging, and when it is tabled, the convention will probably be in the enjoyment of its rights.

H. L. Knight, one of the workingmen of San Francisco, has written a long letter to the *New York Herald*, denouncing Dennis Kearney in good terms, and affirming that but for him and his proven villainies the workingmen would have carried the State at the constitutional election. Knight was fired out by the little drayman and the public is waiting for some one to fire Dennis. Knight is not the man.

Through the courtesy of Theo. Lynch we have received a complimentary ticket for the Golden Gate District Agricultural fair, the same to take place September 7th to 14th, inclusive. The ticket says "and lady."

The Bank Commissioners report that they find the Clay Street Bank, of San Francisco, in a sound financial condition.

We are thankful for this delicate bit of flattery, for it suggests that we have a lady. If such is the case she can hear something to her advantage by calling.

We learn from the *Nevada Herald* that "Indian Pom," who threw a train from the track near Truckee, has plead guilty to the soft impeachment and will be given an opportunity to "bewail his folly" in jail. Pom will now experiment upon the laws of gravity with a heavy heart instead of a freight train.

Mary Kyle Dallas is out in the *New York Ledger* with an essay commendatory of old maids and condemnatory of old bachelors. It might readily be presumed that Mary Kyle was an old maid, but this is not true. Miss Dallas is wedded to the idea that her opinions are of great importance.

The German authorities have named twenty-three public houses which soldiers are forbidden to visit because of their socialistic character. The Dutch soldiers who came over the Rhine are thus prohibited from drinking any more beer in the socialistic way.

Without desiring to be captious and having no wish to interfere with his trade we feel like suggesting to Mr. Kearney that "Hurroo fur hell!" that, as a political platform, is not quite broad enough for a majority of American citizens to stand upon.

One rumor sharp says that Daggett will have easy sailing in White Pine. Another rumor is just in with the news that White Pine harbor is full of rocks and shoals. The choice of pilots is therefore considered of prime importance.

We notice that the *Oakland Tribune* still calls its stealings "excerpts." Our office assassin is blind with rage.

An exchange is in receipt of a private letter from western Nevada predicting that a private letter from a gentleman, in whose judgement we have the utmost confidence, residing in the western part of the State, predicts that Tyrell will be the Republican nominee for Governor, and if not Tyrell, Kinkead. Further that in the event of Kinkead being the Republican standard-bearer, Governor Bradley will be quietly withdrawn from the contest.

EXPEDIENCY.

"Nux Vomica," of the *Tribune*, has been writing about editorial amenities, a subject which never found lodgment in his skull before, and the effect is melancholy. He says that the *Tribune* only favored the compromise as a matter of expediency at the time. That was the case with all of the trucklers to the bonanza kings. Cassidy did it to catch votes. Goodwin did it to catch immortality, and "Nux" did it to catch expediency. It may be editorial amenity to fall in with each unjust proposition which is made, but we doubt the "expediency" of such journalism. The amenity sharp goes forward with his proclamation:

Abler newspaper men than either of us advocated its passage on the same ground, and our long-headed State Controller, who prides himself on his financial ability, did likewise. Newspaper men should act fairly with each other, and not attempt to garble what each other write. Our reference to the compromise bill was merely in connection with the men who swore to fight it before election, and damned their records by voting for it in the Legislature. Be fair, Alex., if you can.

We agree with the spirit of that first sentence—it was a matter of "financial ability" entirely which induced a support of the measure. We can see very little difference, however, between the men who swore to fight the compromise and didn't and the celebrated Latin writer who favored the bill and now wants to affirm that he didn't. The *Tribune* said long after the bill was defeated, that among the first acts of the next Legislature (1879) would be a passage of the compromise. The celebrated linguist who is known as "Nux Vomica" will have to levy an assessment upon his imagination before he can hope to work the amenity mine successfully, or escape behind the expedient mask.

Expediency, if followed strictly, would cause this linguist to abolish all pretense of editorial utterance on the part of the *Tribune*.

The Bank Commissioners report that they find the Clay Street Bank, of San Francisco, in a sound financial condition.

A FABLE.

A compromise was once proposed between the lions and the remainder of the animal kingdom in regard to a division of the food. The lions argued that they killed all of the meat, therefore they should be allowed to eat it all

FLOWERS, SHRUBBRY.

The Arlington Nurseries Begin to Bloom.

The Arlington Avenue Nursery is destined to be an ornament to the county and State. Mr. R. P. Chapin, the manager and originator of the enterprise, has spared nothing in his determined efforts to prove the capacity of Nevada's soil for the production of choice fruits and flowers. A large acreage has been cleared of rocks at an expense which the farmer can alone appreciate. Seeds, grafts, and all manner of young stock has been imported from the East and West in large quantities. Special attention has been given to those varieties only which Nevada can perpetuate, and hence it is fair to say that Mr. Chapin has conferred a benefit upon the agricultural interests of Nevada. He has performed experiments which might have cost thousands of dollars to farmers, and offers the results to our people. Industry and perseverance will tell, and this has been very forcibly illustrated in Mr. Chapin's business.

Primary schools are needed on the north and south sides of the town, which would not only relieve the over-crowded state of the central school, but would best subserve the convenience of small children, and afford an opportunity for many to attend who are now deprived of that privilege. These primaries could be provided at an expense commensurate with the school district fund, which is believed to be ample for this emergency.

The trustees of the district have the power to act in this matter, but it is presumable they will not, according to their theory and practice, they are "boss," and no citizens has a right to suggest any improvement, or in any manner interfere with the machinery.

The public school business has been pretty thoroughly discussed in Reno, both in the newspapers and on the streets and in private circles, and the almost unanimous verdict is that we need a radical change in the public school machinery of the district. Every day's experience adds confirmation to the verdict, and every intelligent citizen of Reno will "remember" this when the time comes.

"CROWDED SCHOOLS."

V. & T. R. R. EXTENSION.

EDITOR GAZETTE: Under the above head the *Journal* of this morning treats its readers to a half-column editorial, which is remarkable for the fact that it contains but one truth, namely, that the public school is over-crowded. In all other respects it is simply a tissue of falsehood, immersed in dishwater—too silly and illogical even to arouse the indignation of the average reader. But the *Journal* is partially excusable, on the ground that it has a sort of double family interest in the matter.

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A CITIZEN.
Reno, August 27, 1878.

CONNOR AND WREN.

There has been a compromise in Eureka between Congressman Wren and General Connor, which will do away with the strife which threatened the Republican primaries.

The basis upon which the agreement stands gives Wren ten of Eureka's fifteen delegates, and Connor five.

There will be no fight at the primaries, and harmony will be secured to the party on the base range.

The fight began with the absurd idea of geography which seems, more than anything else, to divide the candidates and make them anxious for unfair advantages.

The party must be united in a canvass for United States Senator and Congressman.

This, before all things else. If individuals stand in the way they must postpone their aspirations, or forego them entirely.

We would like to see every Republican candidate have an equal and impartial hearing before the Convention, but if this cannot be without antagonizing men and factions which should work together, somebody must step down.

The compromise between Wren and Connor is apparently acceptable to those gentlemen. It should then be gratifying to the party of which they should both be zealous and united members.

Settle your differences now, gentlemen, and with a view to Republican success.

If your rival is stronger than yourself, yield.

If you can not yield gracefully, fight it out right now, then shake hands and go on together.

You can not all succeed; you must not make the party success contingent upon your own victory.

We understand that with the compromise thus made, Connor is more sanguine of victory in the Convention.

TROTTING RECORD.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I noticed an item in the *Journal* of the 27th saying that when Flora Temple made a mile in 2:40 it was thought remarkable.

No doubt it was by her owner, but 2:40 time was made something like forty years ago—long before Flora saw daylight. Flora's time was 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, made at Kalamazoo, Mich., in the summer of 1859. The time of Flora then was considered remarkable.

The *Journals* says Dexter's time was 2:17. Again that paper must stand corrected. Dexter's time was made at Buffalo, N. Y., in August, 1867, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, the last time he was ever on public exhibition, Robert Bonner purchasing him then and there, and taking him immediately home with him to New York.

HORSEMAN.
Reno, August 28, 1878.

Beecher Censured.

The Kearney Invincibles met on last Monday evening at Charter Oak Hall, and agreed to be known in future as the Kearney Grenadier Guard. The stand taken by H. W. Beecher in reference to the impossible elevation of the workingmen was discussed, and a resolution censuring the course taken by one whom the workingmen consider the hireling of monopolists was unanimously adopted.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

DINNIS THE DECAYER.

How the San Francisco Reporters Supplied Him with Speeches.

A GAZETTE reporter last evening had a conversation with a gentleman familiar with the newspaper men of San Francisco. The talk turned upon Kearney, and the gentleman laughed at the surprise and indignation shown by the Eastern press when it was discovered that the agitator had been stealing his speeches. "There isn't a journalist in the city," said the gentleman, "that doesn't know Dennis for just what he is—a deplorable little ignoramus, with just enough intelligence to know that he can't build a speech himself, and dishonest enough to bag one wherever he can find it. In his first belches at the sand lots he made a complete ass of himself, and wore his few ideas threadbare. A *Chronicle* reporter, suffering from the effects of a long spree, felt vicious toward all mankind, and when half-fight wrote a severely inflammatory attack on everything established, and gave it to Kearney. Dennis got up on his platform and explained that he had been accused by the hell-bound press of this, that and the other. Perhaps in the hate of his fiery eloquence his falin's had led him to spike wad a recklessness that vagabone capitalists wad take every manes to distort. Now, however, he had put his oidyas on paper, an' there cudent be any mistake. And then the little humbug pulled the tipsy reporter's manuscript from his pocket and read it as his own, turning a somersault over the big words whenever he stumbled across them. For a time quite a number of reporters amused themselves by writing bloodthirsty paragraphs for Dennis to deliver, but when the matter became serious and the ever respectable *Bulletin* began to accuse the *Chronicle* reporter first mentioned of being responsible for most of the sand lot oratory, the boys stopped their dangerous amusement. Reporters are usually pretty good judges of men and it is significant that those of the San Francisco press, without an exception, look upon Kearney with a patronizing contempt, tempered with amusement. They wound the automaton up and to have their own wild nonsense, written in a spirit of fun, telegraphed back from the East, gives the boys a good deal of solid enjoyment.

NOT SURPRISING.

The Reno GAZETTE says Prof. James and wife are well received at Lake Tahoe by many Virginia City people of high social standing. That is not at all surprising when it is remembered that a large proportion of Beecher's audience in that city was composed of the so-called female *elite* of the place. Both are merely indications of the charitable disposition of the high-toned Comstockers, and of the liberal views which they entertain upon certain social and moral questions.—*Times-Review*.

The *Times-Review* is of the virtue-scientific order. One week the world is startled by earthquake proclamations from the pen of Prof. Stewart. The Professor then goes out and laying his head in the shadow of the Grand Prize hoisting works, rests for a week, while Major Dennis corrects the world's errors in the line of morality. That Virginia City is less moral or upright in its social relations than Tuscarora it is safe to deny. We hope that Comstock people are sensible enough to banish the old custom of kicking fallen ones merely because of their helplessness. The practice of condoning offenses compared with their eternal condemnation is as a poem on music to the long-winded accounts of the Pollard-Hughes sensation. The gallant Major will assail Comstock virtue again when he has banished the burdy-houses from Elko county.

Real Estate Transfers.
During the present month the following transfers of real estate have been recorded:

James A. Ferguson to Updyke and Clarke, 40 feet of lot 8, in block W. Consideration \$450.

Stephen Connor to J. E. Jones, lots Nos. 5 and 6, in Connor's addition, \$1000.

Sarah Brown to James A. Ferguson, lots 2 and 3, in block E, \$2950.

Julius Isaacs to Sarah Brown, 55 feet of lots 6 and 7, in block 4, Western addition, \$1500.

Chas. Renville to Robt. Jones, 160 acres in Truckee Meadows, \$800.

M. T. Barnett and wife to Joseph McCormick, lot 1, block 8, in Hayden and Showmaker's addition, \$750.

H. H. Hogan to Michael J. Kiely, 1 acre near Reno, \$100.

J. H. Haskell to Nevada State Agricultural, Mining and Mechanical Society, all of lots 11, 12, 13, in block W, lying south of ditch, \$1250.

D. H. Haskell to Reno Gas Co., lot 38, on river front, \$250.

D. H. Haskell to M. C. Lake, lots 34 and 36, on river front, \$500.

Why the Court is Dull.

The dullness which folds the Justice's Court round about even as a mantle, will not be lifted until after the political conventions have been held.

Most men are after office just now, or have friends they want to help get office, and they won't earn anybody's enmity by trying to collect bills by suing for them.

As soon as the nominations are made a judicious attack on debtors will, no doubt, be begun all along the line.

OPENING EXERCISES.

A Pleasant Hour at the Episcopal Seminary—Reminiscences.

At ten o'clock this morning the formal opening service of the Episcopal seminary was conducted by Bishop Whitaker. This exercise was not remarkable in itself, yet is significant of an occurrence fraught with importance not alone to those immediately interested, but to all who have at heart the best efforts of educational labor. It also calls to mind a scene of our days, when those who felt deeply interested in our welfare looked over the assembly-room and felt that before them sat those whose characters were being largely formed under the influence of the instructor. We almost dreaded some new study, and had almost forgotten the vacation times, but were too much engaged with the various thoughts of the hour, the pleasure of meeting again our classmates, to comprehend the more sober perceptions of our seniors, or otherwise regard the situation of things than with pleasant anticipation.

When we saw Bishop Whitaker this morning, with the full heart of a sympathetic, intelligent parent, conducting the exercises of the occasion, and apprehended his spirit's delightful care, the sense of real pleasure which he took in his godchildren, and in passing them into the hands of their teachers, we called to mind a similar scene in our alma mater, the University of California. The north college had just been completed and the new college year had just begun, but the University had a financial crisis yet to pass through. Nearly three hundred students and a large number of visitors and regents, with the professors, sat in the yet uncompleted assembly room before President Gilman. But one man whose heart and mind felt most deeply an abiding interest in our success and the final success of the University, with folded arms and thoughtful face, stood leaning against the wall. This man was Rev. Horatio Stebbens, of San Francisco. We watched his face as if even superficially to read his thoughts as he comprehended the situation and drank in the eloquent words of the speaker. How from deep care and thought this erudite Hercules was lead by the language of the hour, the fond belief that such instant unions must live and those forming minds before him mature to fill leading positions in the world of thought, in the leading professions and industries of life. Similar were our impressions of Bishop Whitaker to-day. It was a glimpse which one has occasionally of real men when their better selves unconsciously show that the human heart may at times bespeak its quasi divine impulses and action.

The particular order of this opening exercise of course possesses little interest to the general reader. It was pertinent and complete. This school opens most favorably. It is under the best regime and we but feebly voice the sentiments of our people when we say that the citizens of Reno, in particular, and those who sympathize with the cause of education in this State, are proud of Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls.

Crushed to Death.

Bradley's Bomb-Shell.

We learn from the Truckee *Republican* that Robert Hyslop died in Bocca Saturday evening last. He had been married but three weeks at the date of his death, which was caused by an accident while unloading logs at Bocca. Mr. Hyslop was a steady and industrious man, and a Royal Arch Mason. His death causes sincere regret throughout the community in which he lived.

Settle.

Our debtors will all receive notification of their liability in a few days. When received, an examination of assets and a fair division will greatly oblige us. Meanwhile the daily *Gazette* is \$10 a year, (invariably in advance). The weekly is still held at the absurdly low rate of \$2 50, (also invariably) and job work is, as heretofore, respectfully demanded.

Deputy Sheriff Widdowfield and a hunter named Vincent, who started from Cheyenne a week ago on the trail of a gang of robbers, have been found dead in a canyon of Elk Mountain, Wyoming, and perforated by bullets. The gang had tampered with the rails on the overland route with the intention of ditching the train, but the mischief was discovered and the two men mentioned were sent out to discover, if possible, the location of the desperadoes.

The principal charge of the Rhodope Commission against the Russians is that of bombing and burning the villages near Rhodope which refused to disarm. A zone of several miles between Stanevaka and Dematka has been completely devastated. The Commission recommends a permanent International Commission and local police.

For County Clerk.

P. B. Comstock, present incumbent, announces himself in to-day's *Gazette* as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk, subject to the Republican County Convention.

STOCK REPORT.

THIS MORNING'S BOARD.

1830 Ophir, 50 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ 49 50 b20 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ 49 b5 49
1855 Mexican, 31 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ 33 36 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ 35 $\frac{1}{2}$
2085 Gold & Silver, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 14 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
265 B. & B., 28 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 28 27 $\frac{1}{2}$
700 California, 13 14 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
1060 Savage, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
2880 Col. Virginia, 13 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
12 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
640 Chollar, 40 39 40 39 $\frac{1}{2}$
1430 H. & N., 11 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
1310 Point, 11 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
1310 Point, 11 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
1314 Imperial, 14 13 14 13 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
370 Kentuck, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 6 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
1330 Alpha, 17 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
4080 Bodie, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
1330 Confidence, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 10 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
12 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
980 Sierra Nevada, 81 80 74 76 75 73 73 $\frac{1}{2}$
72 $\frac{1}{2}$
650 Union, 35 33 37 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ 39 38
2345 Bullion, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ b5
1383 Rancher, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{$

AN ODD FISH.

RISE AND FALL OF A GREAT JOURNALIST.

How D. Dalziel, the Australian, Astonished San Francisco.

Remarkable Manifestations of Mendacity and Monkeyish Malice.

Inside History of the San Francisco "Mail."

How a Fool Wasted \$60,000 for Mark and Jasper McDonald—A Child at the Head of a Metropolitan Newspaper—Tormenting a Toady Through a Telephone—The Final Crash.

Ordinary people accustomed to the quiet, ordinary lanes of life, have always a strong interest in the great and prominent—especially in their doings when off public duty. It is a noble trait of human nature, the longing to know if General Washington swore when putting on tight boots, or glowered like a thunder-cloud when the wife of the Father of his Country failed to make the coffee to his taste. A wish to know the private habits of celebrated journalists and how they came to enter the fascinating profession, is one of the commonest harbored in the breast of the humble. It is the intention of the GAZETTE to publish from week to week in its special Saturday issue articles descriptive of the appearance, character and habits of those newspaper men who have risen to eminence upon the Pacific coast. It is safe to say that no man in the trade of making newspapers ever reached, in so short a time, the celebrity gained in one short year by

DIONYSIUS DALZIEL,

ex-proprietor of the now dead San Francisco Mail. His rise is the more extraordinary from the circumstance that a more unprepossessing little person than the "Gaspergo," as he is called by his friends, could scarcely be found confined anywhere. He is now only about twenty-six years of age. The gentleman is round shouldered, having little chest, but a growing girth, owing to glutinous habits. A short body and very long thin legs never fail to suggest, in connection with the knowledge that he inhabited Australia for a time, the kangaroo. The nose of the little man is hooked and prominent, betokening his Jewish blood. A long, drooping blonde moustache, large blue eyes as opaque as gooseberries, and fair, straight hair parted in the middle and plastered down upon his forehead, complete an ensemble that many a hard-up man in San Francisco would like to catch by the collar. Although belonging to rather a good family, Dalziel is a grossly ignorant man, being unable to write a paragraph, and speaking the language with amazing incorrectness. Yet this little fellow, with nothing but his cheek for his capital, arrived in San Francisco after a hasty departure from Australia, where he had succeeded in marrying Miss Dickie Lingham, the actress, a very estimable young lady, and within two months

ASTONISHED THE CITY

by issuing a daily paper. As Dalziel had no more knowledge of newspaper work than the antipodean animal which he resembles, the first numbers of the Mail were fearful, almost criminal affairs. In a little while, however, he secured the services of capable men and the Mail became a reasonably good newspaper. Everybody was amazed to learn that Mark and Jasper McDonald, the stockbrokers, were backing this odd importation with unlimited coin. If Dalziel had had even the smallest share of common sense he might have made the Mail the foremost journal in the city, but he knew as little of journalism. Although the Mail during the year of its existence sunk \$5000 of the McDonalds' cash per month, Dalziel managed the expenditure of the wealth with such skill that no time during the life of the paper could a can of coal oil for the printers' lamps or a dozen lead pencils for the reporters be got on the Mail's credit. Dalziel certainly treated his staff well. The editorial and reporter rooms were simply gorgeous and for his own use he had a large and elegant parlor, beautifully furnished and connected by telephone with the swell business office on Kearney street. The little man desired intensely to run his paper on the sensational plan. He had a monkeyish love of mischief and to be able to "take the dem seep hoff" an official, or startle some family of position by dragging their skeleton out of its closet and rattling its bones in the face of this occasion may be Tevis. A frightened toady, he groveled before Dalziel, and that impish gentleman entertained himself by inventing new degradations for his slave.

TORMENTING A TOADY.

He took a childish delight in exposing the meannesses of those who earned their daily bread from him. There was a pompous little man in the business office, whose name for this occasion may be Tevis. A frightened toady, he groveled before Dalziel, consulting with Mr. Merry, the engineer in charge, relative to the speediest and best method of completing them.

The railroad managers at their con-

was proclaimed the boys went at it with the delight which only a newspaper man knows and "gave the blest beggars 'ell" in a way that roused the town and increased the Mail's circulation greatly. But Dalziel was, to add to his other attractions

LUDICROUSLY COWARDLY,

and while his malicious little soul would lead him to print the most aggressive articles, his terror for the consequences betrayed him into the most absurd conduct. The writer remembers being in the business office one day when the paper had been particularly lively and personal. A well-known merchant of the city entered on some business matter. Dalziel was behind the counter. He did not know the visitor and turned pale instantly.

"Is Mr. Dalziel in?" asked the merchant in a gruff way that was characteristic of him.

"No, I haven't seen him haround 'ere to-day."

The merchant stared.

"I think," continued Dalziel ("the Mr. Dalziel has gone over to Hoakland."

"By Jove you know," said the little man when the puzzled merchant went out, "the chep wanted to give me a hidin'. I twigg'd it the instant my heye fell on 'im, beged."

A few days afterwards he related to the writer, with tears of delight in his blue expressionless eye the sequel:

"You mind that big chep that kem in the hoother day that I thought was a goin' to give me a hidin'? Well, about an hour ago I was on California street a-walkin' harm-harm with Mark McDonald wen who should come up, beged, but that same chep. Demme, if Mark didn't go and histriodnose his! You never see a chep stare so 'Wy,' sez he, 'I've see Mr. Dalziel afore.' 'Were?' sez I, lookin' in straight in the heye. 'Hat your hoof tie, I think,' sez he. 'No,' sez I, steady as the devil, for Mark was lookin' at me curious; 'I never seen you in my life afore, but I'm glad to meet you.' He didn't say anything more, but the beggar knew I was lyin' all time. Oh, my god, but it's the best lark I never see!" And Dalziel roared with laughter.

He did this sort of thing repeatedly, and would always in the most foolish way. It never seemed to concern him whether people discovered his falsehoods ten minutes after they were uttered. When cornered and proved to be a liar, he merely laughed, as if his character for cleverness had been enhanced. This joined to an unconquerable disinclination to pay a bill, even when his pockets had been filled with money for that purpose, explains why the paper had no credit. The reporters of other newspapers can always hire carriages when it is necessary to do so, on an order on the office, scribbled on a leaf of their note-books. But the Mail scurbs could never take a ride without paying coin in advance.

HERE IS A SCENE

that was repeated frequently in the proprietor's elegant private office:

Enter creditor, with bill in hand:

"Mr. Dalziel, I've been hunting you for the last ten days. I want you to pay this bill, and no more foolishness about it."

Dalziel (surprised but calm, and lolloping back in his easy chair) Let me look at it. Wy, blest it! Hesn't this 'ere bill been paid? I don't blame you for being hungry, my dear sir. I bearded Mr. 'Unt, the book-keeper, to attend to that matter. The chep is halways drunk, 'owever, and neglects his business damnable. Take a chair, sir, wile I write you a horde.

Dalziel, with a firm expression of displeasure, writes an abusive note to the book-keeper, ordering him to pay the bill at once and not to allow such a thing to happen again on pain of discharge.

"There, Mr. Smith, be good enough to present that hat the business office and accept my apologies."

Mr. Smith, grateful and ashamed of his previous heat, thanks the polite Mr. Dalziel and departs at double-quick for his money. The instant he is out of the door and down stairs, the proprietor of the metropolitan daily which cost the McDonalds \$5000 per month, turns the bell crank of the telephone, gets the return signal and cries:

"Hear you hear, 'Unt?"

"Yes sir."

"There's a bloody cad named Smith comin' up with a bill for \$18 25. Don't pay the beggar a cent. Fire 'im hot and be demmed to 'im!"

The telephone is dropped and the little man, choking with mirth, skips into the editorial rooms and relates the "demmed good lark." Then he seizes his hat and runs off for an hour or so to escape the return visit of the wrathful Smith. But even if Smith should find him Dalziel would make him believe that a more injured man than himself never existed. It was this glibness of tongue, amazing cheek and an utter disregard for truth which enabled him to swindle strangers.

TORMENTING A TOADY.

He took a childish delight in exposing the meannesses of those who earned their daily bread from him. There was a pompous little man in the business office, whose name for this occasion may be Tevis. A frightened toady, he groveled before Dalziel, consulting with Mr. Merry, the engineer in charge, relative to the speediest and best method of completing them.

The railroad managers at their con-

were proclaimed the boys went at it with the delight which only a newspaper man knows and "gave the blest beggars 'ell" in a way that roused the town and increased the Mail's circulation greatly. But Dalziel was, to add to his other attractions

LUDICROUSLY COWARDLY,

and while his malicious little soul would lead him to print the most aggressive articles, his terror for the consequences betrayed him into the most absurd conduct. The writer remembers being in the business office one day when the paper had been particularly lively and personal. A well-known merchant of the city entered on some business matter. Dalziel was behind the counter. He did not know the visitor and turned pale instantly.

"Is that demon Tevis there?"

"Yes, sir; what do you wish, Mr. Dalziel?" piped the thin and submissive voice of the clerk, who bullied the newsboys and every one under him.

Dalziel (in his most insulting tone of command and winking to the reporters present)—Sing me a song, dem you!

Tevis (plaintively)—But I'm very busy, sir.

Dalziel (ferociously)—Oh, blest the business! Sing me a song.

Tevis (with a mean little truckling giggle)—What shall I sing, sir?

Dalziel—Demmit, 'ow should I know? Sing something bloody queer, you thievin' little buggard.

Tevis—He—he! Well, hem! Now, sir: There's a land that is fairer than the world, And by faith we can see it afar.

"Did you never see the like of that?" inquired the proprietor of the audience with a gratified grin. Then turning to the telephone whence piped the voice of the wretched clerk, he read:

"Stop it now, you hinfernial little cad, and go to your work!"

"Do you know, by Jove," remarked the pleased gentleman as he turned off the connection, "I believe Tevis will break my boots if I hordered 'im? One o'f these 'ere days wen I feel like exercise I'll thresh 'im, beged, and hell them me for the hatteration."

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Yours truly, A. J. BARNEs,
U. S. Indian Agent.

Wadsworth, August 23, 1878.

BOUNCED.

Every great journalist has his ups and downs. The day of reckoning came. Mark McDonald found that the Mail had helped materially to prevent him from being elected to the Senate, and both he and his brother, Jasper, learned that their reputation as business men had suffered greatly by reason of their having been induced for a whole year to bolster up a fool who neutralized the efforts of a dozen good journalists to make the Mail a success. Supplies were withdrawn. The paper died. The McDonalds' got a set of falsified books and a lot of typewriter furniture, worth perhaps \$500, for an outlay of over \$60,000. The Australian journalist returned to New York owing everybody, and was arrested twice on the overland trip upon suspicion of being Mailman, the embezzling book-keeper of L. P. Drexler & Co., of Virginia City. The mistake was natural. His wife has returned to the stage, so there is no danger of his starving until he can find another rich victim to start him again in journalism.

The Sutro-Julia Contract Signed.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 23.—The

reporter before published concerning

the contract between the Sutro Tunnel

Company and the Julia Mining Com-

pany, to the effect that a drift was to

be run connecting the Julia shaft with

the tunnel, and that the Julia had ac-

quired the title of the Tunnel compa-

ny within the boundaries of the Julia

claim, are confirmed at the office of the

Tunnel Company, with a few slight

modifications in the details. The Julia

is to pay the Tunnel company \$100,000, of which \$20,000 is to be paid down;

the balance monthly, as the work progres-

ses, not the whole amount not to exceed

\$100,000. The Julia company will be entitled to draw back of \$70 per

foot on the drift to be run by the

company from the shaft to expedite

connection. No definite bargain has

been made concerning acquirement of

the tunnel title to the ground by the

Julia company. Arrangements in

that respect have been opened, pend-

ing the definite settlement of the limi-

ts of the Comstock lode. The contrac-

t was signed yesterday.

Luxurious Thieves.

Four thieves were arrested in Brook-

lyn a few days ago, who were living

in fine style on the product of their

plunder—having a handsome three-

story mansion, in the center of a

square in the suburbs, surrounded

with flowers and shrubbery, fruit trees

and vegetable garden in the rear—

with a gardener, etc. The house was

beautifully furnished, and was graced

with several nicely dressed women,

friends and relatives of the men. One

of the thieves known as George Irving,

is the same who, when in San Fran-

cisco a few years ago, made a confes-

sion, claiming that he bore a part in

the Nathan murder. The police, sub-

sequent to his arrest and examination,

thought that he made the confession

for the purpose of free transportation

to New York.

An Irrigating Scheme.

Says the Silver State of August 19:

The Humboldt Irrigation and Devel-

opment Company are making arrange-

ments to resume work with a large

force of men on their canal from Orna-

ma to Big Meadows. We are in-

formed that the President of the com-

pany, a Sacramento gentleman, has

been at the Meadows for several days,

consulting with Mr. Merry, the en-

gineer in charge, relative to the speed-

iest and best method of completing

them.

The railroad managers at their con-

gress at Saratoga, have agreed to abol-

ish commissioners.

CAPTAIN SAM SPEAKS

And Tells About His Share in the Bannock Outbreak.

ROUGH ON A RENOITE.

A Washoe Quixote Basely Rewarded.

He Rescues a Maiden in Distress, and Gets Into Jail for It—He Writes to the "Gazette" About It.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.

EDITOR GAZETTE—I am a former Renoite. I am now in the county jail. Were I to mention my name it would surprise you. I was a respectable man in Washoe, and I am a prisoner with short hair. It will be a year before I can return to Reno. Would to heaven I had never left it! There are four of us in the cell. A burglar, a sneak thief, a garroter and a man convicted of assault. The last is your correspondent. When I left Reno I did not intend to stay in this city half so long as I am now compelled to make up my mind to do.

The hell-bound newspapers here (all subsidized bond-holders), refuse to publish the story of my infamous wrongs. I have become a Kearneyite since my incarceration, and as the Workingmen are a power in Reno, I am sure that you will not dare decline to give me space in your columns.

I took the train at Reno on the 22d of May last, and arrived here on the 23d. After stopping one night at the Baldwin (I allow no vagabond of a capitalist to outdo an honest workingman in style), I took a room on Eddy street.

THE DEVIL LED ME

to that locality surely for more dreadful consequences never flowed from an innocent act. If you knew me, you would believe me when I tell you that a more quiet, polite and inoffensive young man than myself, never lived.

Although of very powerful frame I am exceedingly good natured, and was never known to fight except in defense of the weak. All women are weak, and need defending. This unhappy double fact has made my life one continual brawl, and without deserving it in the least, I have had fastened upon me the reputation of a quarrelsome, hard hitting ruffian. The sight, sound or thought of lovely woman in distress has ever deprived me of prudence, and dragged me into all those troubles which have rendered my life unhappy, and at last landed me in jail.

The house at which I engaged a room was a large one, and near the corner of Market street upon Eddy. The number of my room was 77. I am not likely to forget it. Being very weary, by reason of being on the streets all day in the company of old friends, I retired very early—at 6 o'clock in the evening, if true. Afterwards I had reason to know that my fatigue was so overpowering that I did not even wait to take off my clothes before throwing myself upon the bed. I did not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by that

MOST HEART-BREAKING OF SOUNDS

—an insulted woman's voice. I have since been informed that I had slept barely two hours. I thought it midnight, however, and started up in bed.

"Begone, sir!" cried the voice. Then came a sort of smothered scream, followed by the agonized but virtuously indignant exclamation "Unhand me, villain! Unhand me! Ah, my God, my brain reels!"

"Not so fast, not quite so fast," said a deep, masculine voice, with such perfect calmness as could belong only to a practiced villain.

My flesh crept. The poor girl and the scoundrel were evidently in the room next to mine.

"Help! Help!" moaned the lady. "Heavens, will none come to my aid?"

"That's better," said the other voice, in the same calm tone.

I could bear this not an instant longer, and rushing out into the hall I placed my shoulder against the door of 78—of course I knew it was locked. The wood fell before me like pasteboard, and in another instant I had the ruffian by the throat. I gave but a glance to the lady. She was young and beautiful. The man was small of stature, and I proceeded to go through the process of what is popularly called

MOFFING THIS FLOOR

with him. Moved, as I thought, by woman's strange inconsistency, the young lady at every sweep against the furniture I gave the wretch uttered a most dreadful shriek and seemed rooted to where she stood with horror. Within half a minute the hall and the room were filled with people, some of whom attempted to lay hands upon me, but I shook them off and never desisted in my righteous work of punishment till the policeman placed his hand upon my collar and struck me a heavy blow upon the head with his club. Then I let fall my insensible victim, and wanted to know of the officer what the devil he meant. For an answer another policeman and several citizens clutched my arms and clothing, and without allowing me time for a word of explanation dragged me off to the filthy city prison, where I was thrown into a cell. In the Police Court next morning the

man I had battered appeared with black eyes and bound all up in bandages, and testified against me. Imagine my surprise and disgust when the young lady whom I had rescued also took the stand, and described me as a drunken ruffian who had bounded through the door, and, without the least provocation, brutally assaulted the prosecuting witness. The Court smiled contemptuously when I related my story, and sent me to jail, as I have already said, for a year. The following advertisement, which appears in all the daily papers, will furnish you a key to the situation:

LOCATION—VOICE, CULTURE,
PROF. ROSS, Room 78 St. Ann's Building, 4 Eddy st.

I see it all now. The young lady was studying for the stage, and I thrashed her teacher. It was a bad mistake, of course, but that's devilish small comfort to me. I'm in jail, and want to get out.

REGINALD BOOGS,
Kearneyite.

BEHOLD THE CANDIDATE.

He Lies Not, Neither Does he Spin Around and Wrestle.

"Good day, Mr. Freebooter."

"Good day, Mr. Longjaw."

"I hear you are going to run for office, Mr. Freebooter."

"Well, yes, Mr. Longjaw; I think it the duty of every good citizen to serve in a public capacity in these times when so many irreligious and unprincipled persons are robbing the public treasury."

"True, Brother Freebooter; and I am thankful to hear a candidate utter such words."

"And how is the church progressing at Glendale, Brother Longjaw?"

"Well, the Lord doesn't seem to tell us of every good citizen to serve in a public capacity in these times when so many irreligious and unprincipled persons are robbing the public treasury."

"Indeed! I grieve to hear that, Brother Longjaw. I had hoped that seeds of grace had been plentifully sown in that corner of the vineyard."

"Oh, it is not of the spiritual work that I refer to, my dear brother. Would you believe it, we are yet owing \$150 on our organ!"

"Dear me! The brethren and sisters would not take it amiss, I hope, if you permitted me to hand you this trifling sum that fine instrument?"

"Oh, not in the least, my dear brother. This \$20 will cheer us greatly. Come out and see Brother Freebooter. I'm sorry to have to say good day."

"Good day, and God bless you, Brother Longjaw."

"Hello, Freebooter!"

"Why, Tom, my buck, how are you?"

"Nobby; how's yourself?"

"Feeling like the very devil, old man. I was out on the turf with the boys last night, and made things whoop, you can just bet your life."

"It's the deuce and all, this running for office, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes; it just knocks a fellow all to pieces. Let's go in here and gin up."

"You're the sort of man I like to see going in for the spoils of office. Freebooter you ain't none of them blanked canting kind like that old Longjaw. I saw you chinning with a minute ago. You'd better look out for that chap. He's working like a beaver against you and if you ain't careful he'll gobble the nomination."

"You don't mean to tell me that that infernal old fraud is after the same office that I am?"

"Why, didn't you know it? He's been pulling wires for it this two months."

"Hades and perdition!"

"Hem! I say, Freebooter, could you lend me a fiver till to-morrow?"

"Certainly, certainly, old boy. Just keep your eye on that blanked old piti sharp for me, will you? Have another drink."

NOTE TO MINERS.

WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, /
August 24, 1878.

We, the undersigned, request all miners and prospectors engaged in mining in the Peavine District, to assemble in Peavine proper, on the 30th inst., at 3 P.M., to discuss the advisability of the so-called new Reno Mining District, with Mr. Loomis as its Recorder, of which we saw notice in the Reno Record, Chas. M. Rolker, Geo. Harding, Dave Harlan, Richard Laurence, Joe Hartman, E. B. Harlan, Chas. L. Walker, Isaac Mason, J. Phillips, Tim O'Day, Pat Kearns, R. Williams, J. E. Kimball, M. Rofferty, A. Nedow, B. Henessey, M. Lee, N. A. Merrill, R. Auschitz, D. L. Hunt, F. W. Merrill, A. D. Griffin, H. Phillips, Chas. H. Taylor, J. T. Poland, W. E. Lemmon, A. D. Black, M. Hearon, P. M. Norton, S. K. Barber and Jas. Melville.

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THE CASE OF LOUDERDALE.

Dr. Bishop's Singular Behavior—An Investigation Needed.

Dr. Bishop, the county physician, is behaving in a very singular manner about the case of E. A. Louderdale, the man who jumped or fell from a window of the county hospital. When a GAZETTE reporter interviewed the doctor about the matter the day after its occurrence he was answered that nothing of the kind had happened. The gentleman appeared in a long card the other evening and reviewed the whole circumstances of the case, stating it substantially as the GAZETTE had done. The only new matter in the doctor's card was the statement that he had not known of Louderdale's exit from the window when spoken to by the reporter. The ill-natured tone which marked the gentleman's card was wholly uncalled for. No one, that we know of, has accused Dr. Bishop of having thrown Louderdale out of the window. In this morning's Journal the county physician is once more to the front attempting to prove that it would have been "senseless and useless" to have held an inquest, as the man had banged himself around so recklessly in the hospital that it would have been impossible to tell whether injuries thus received or the jump from the window had killed him. This is decidedly new matter. If Dr. Bishop had been aware that delirious patients are allowed to fatally injure themselves in the hospital he has been criminally negligent of his duty, both as a man and county officer, in not bringing the matter before the proper authorities.

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THE PERILS OF MINING.

Gregory Oleson, the man who was knocked down by a cave in the Rye Patch mine and had his right leg broken between the ankle and knee, has been entered by Dr. Bergman at the county hospital as a private patient.

The Rye Patch mine is untimbered, and these accidents are liable to occur at any time. Oleson while lying with his leg broken, came very nearly being killed by a second cave.

WE ALSO KEEP ON HAND

Ore From Mount Rose District.

On Thursday 21,000 pounds of ore from the Mountain Bride mine in Mount Rose district, were unloaded at Winnemucca for shipment to the Auburn mill, where it is to be reduced. The Silver State says that it is probable that regular shipments will be made from the mine to Reno, as there is apparently an inexhaustible supply of ore.

FOR ASSESSOR.

N. C. Haslund announces himself as a candidate for the office of Assessor, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Mr. Haslund is an old and well known citizen.

BORN.

KINKEAD—In Reno, August 24, 1878, to the wife of James H. Kinkead, a son.

LONG VALLEY.

Location—Farming Lands and Crops.

From a gentleman just returned from Long Valley, we glean these few items: The valley to which allusion is made lies principally in Lassen county, Cal. It is for the most part a succession of single-ranch valleys, with few ridges intervening until one has reached the lower end of the valley proper. At a point, therefore, about forty miles north of Reno, the traveler, disappointed with the section through which he has passed, reaches the top of a low ridge, and finds to his delight a valley two or three miles wide by six to eight long, containing rich pasture and grain land, segregated into large, fine ranches, on each of which there are comfortable houses, the homes of well-to-do farmers. To the right rise more or less abrupt mountains; far ahead stretches the valley, even to the low partial watershed which divides Long Valley from the larger valley of Honey Lake. To the left is a high range of well-timbered mountains, the haunt of deer, bear, grouse, quail, hare, etc., and the principal source of the water supply of the valley. Long valley creek, a stream for the most part dry during a portion of the summer, courses through the eastern side of the valley. The altitude of this valley is about 4500 feet above the sea level. The soil is in part alluvial, in part fine gravel land intermixed with clay. Such soil will produce good crops, and we were not surprised that a hand-some yield of grain and hay are annually obtained therefrom. Among the fine ranches which we visited are those of Albert Ross, the Evans Bros., Robt. Ross, McKissick's and Berry's ranch. The citizens we found hospitable men and women, of more or less culture, and surrounded by many of the best com-

FARMERS' STORE

LADIES

VISITING SACRAMENTO

During the State Fair

Do not fail to call at

L. BIEN'S

POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE.

If you want to get

Full Value for Your Money.

Do not purchase elsewhere, at least till you have examined his stock. He has the

Best Black Silks for 75c. per yard and upwards.

The Best Black Cashmere for 7

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

— L. S. Burchard has gone for a little jaunt to Pyramid lake.

— A Reno squaw without a dog would be as strange a sight as a Comstocker who didn't know John Mackey and Jim Fair intimately.

— Professor Jans and wife, (ex-Strouse) are reported to have left Lake Tahoe, and are now enjoying themselves in San Francisco.

— The Good Templars' picnic at Bowers' Mansion on Saturday was a success. About 600 persons attended. Although there was nothing more fiery than lemonade to drink, there was lots of fun and no rows.

— "Canty" is still out in the country. The officers know where he is, of course. The Chinaman whom he shot and the Chinaman who was laid out by a blow from his pistol are both getting better.

The publicity which the Piute young men and maidens give their love-making is rather embarrassing to the whites. Jim and Mary hung with a grave and earnest industry altogether out of place upon the curb of a civilized town.

— Of the \$4400 subscribed for the building of the pavilion \$1100 has already been paid up.

— Bishop Whitaker permits his venerable countenance to beam upon this ugly town for a brief space.

— B. B. Baum, was adjudged a bankrupt on the 21st inst., and the first meeting of his creditors will take place on September 13th.

— The Methodist church of Reno is reported to be in a "very favorable" financial condition. At the quarterly conference held last evening it was discovered that the pastor stood some chance of getting his salary.

— Mud lake, which for so long has ornamented North Sierra street, is being drained. The wild fowl and game which have inhabited the body of water are mad about it, but the people who have to use the thoroughfare are glad.

— Professor Price, an old gentleman from the country that St. Patrick rid of obnoxious crawling things, is amusing small audiences with feats of sleight of hand. The Professor can change babies and convert quarters into \$20-pieces with a facility that should make him rich.

— Commercial row at Hagerman's crossing is being filled in. The roadway had become hollowed out.

— Jake Harris, formerly of Truckee, but now minister plenipotentiary of R. P. Ferguson, ("Old Shingles and Things") is in town.

— Rapp Brothers, at Steamboat, keep a first-class hotel. Steamboat Springs has a national reputation, and the new Sunday programme ought to attract pleasure seekers. Visit the Springs.

Committee Action.

The Republican Central Committee of Ormsby met in Carson Sunday. They clothed delegates to the State Convention with judicial power as will be seen by the following resolution which was passed.

Resolved, That the nine delegates from Ormsby county to the Republican State Convention be and are hereby authorized and instructed to represent Ormsby county in a Convention composed of the delegates to the State Convention from Washoe, Ormsby and Douglas counties and convened for the purpose of nominating a Republican candidate for Judge of the second judicial district.

Worried by the Women.

A gentleman from Virginia tells a GAZETTE reporter that Mark Strouse, since obtaining a divorce, is bothered considerably by the receipt of letters from ladies who are not only willing but anxious to marry him. One widow has informed him by mail that she thinks herself just fitted to be his wife. She is no longer young, she says, and has no wealth, but she knows she would make him happy as "he would be proud of the way she appears at socials." The newly-made and fascinating bachelor is so pestered by these attentions that, it is rumored, he is about to put an end to them by marrying his servant girl.

For County Clerk.

Allan C. Bragg announces himself in to-day's GAZETTE as a candidate for the office of County Clerk. Mr. Bragg has been a good citizen for Reno, always earnest in defense of Washoe's possessions, and zealous in all enterprises which could benefit the county and add to the common prosperity. We submit his claims to the people for their own consideration and comment. If nominated he will add strength to the Republican ticket, and aid materially in securing the much desired success at the polls.

Bitten by a Horse.

F. Lemmon, the well-known rancher, whose place is about eleven miles north of town, had his right hand severely bitten by a stud horse on Monday last. The vicious beast set his teeth in the flesh of the back of the hand, and ripped most of it off. The hurt is a very painful one, and Mr. Lemmon will not be able to use the disabled member for some time.

TUCKING.

What is it?—An Anxious Inquirer and an Irate Editor.

A bothered looking citizen came into the GAZETTE office yesterday afternoon and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down and rather anxiously thumbed Webster for a while.

"What word are you looking for?" asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger had failed to strike the trail.

"Well," said the man in a burst of confidence, "you see I've only been married a short time, and my wife's gone up to Truckee on a visit, and she's written to me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'tucking' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know is what in blazes is 'tucking'? It ain't in the dictionary."

"Tucking?" said the reporter briskly; "why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again."

Then the editor spoke up contemptuously, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to hold his tongue. What the reporter had described was crocheting. Everybody ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it used a little contrivance shaped like a mussel, with a thread wound up inside of it. Tucking could be purchased, he believed, for ten or fifteen cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste a whole day in making what they could get for a short bit was more than he could understand. In answer to a question from the admiring reporter, the editor said he had been told that tucking was used in trimming the undergarments of the fair sex, but why things should be ornamented which a fellow would get licked for trying to look at—or perhaps shot—was beyond his comprehension.

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken. That the article he mentioned was not tucking—it was tatting. This he knew for a fact.

The editor observed that when a man came to the GAZETTE office for information, the editor, when he gave it, didn't like to be told that he lied. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble he had better get out and go to the devil. As the editor had grown red in the face and his eyes were blazing, the married strangers coughed feebly and slunk down stairs.

In the meantime, what is 'tucking'?

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

"Old Chips" Nabbed at Wadsworth—Story of a Columbus Crime.

Last Thursday Deputy Sheriff Lewis of Wadsworth arrested a man on a charge of murder. The man spent that night in the county jail and was next morning taken to Columbus, where the crime was committed. This was all that could be learned from the officers. To-day a GAZETTE reporter met a gentleman who threw some light upon the matter. The person arrested is known as "Old Chips," a permanent, whisky-drinking ne'er-do-well, well known in Esmeralda county.

On the morning of the 2d of April last, a Frenchman who kept a restaurant in Columbus, was murdered. He had made a raise in stocks, and in his exultation exhibited his money. Everybody in Columbus knew of his luck, and a doctor named Murat facetiously remarked in the hearing of a number of persons, that he would soon have some of the coin, as "Frenchy" didn't seem to be in very good health. At half-past 2 o'clock on the morning mentioned an alarm of fire was given. Dr. Murat gave the alarm, and it was the Frenchman's place that was on fire. The flames were extinguished and the unlucky restauranteur was found with his throat cut from one ear to the other, and all his money gone.

The circumstance of Dr. Murat giving the first notice of the fire, joined to the fact that he had blood upon his clothing, led the officers to arrest him upon suspicion of having committed the horrid crime. The doctor, however, satisfactorily accounted for his gory condition, and also in other ways showed his innocence, so he was discharged from custody. The blankets, some letters and a few other articles belonging to "Old Chips" were found in the place, and the police looked for him. He had disappeared. They tracked him. He seemed to have spent money freely along his devious route. He was nabbed at Wadsworth and taken back. Whether there is other than this circumstantial evidence against the accused the reporter was not able to ascertain.

A Nice Place for a Fire.

During the recent excitement caused by the threat to drive the Chinamen out of Washoe, there was one incident which was suppressed that it might not add to the fear of respectable people for the safety of their property. Allen C. Bragg's new house was in course of construction and the walls and ceiling had just been plastered. Mr. Bragg one morning found the waste plaster on the floor had been scraped together until it lay several inches deep in the center of the floor and on this foundation a fire of shingles and chips had been started. The plaster kept the fire from the floor and it burned out without doing any damage. It is quite probable that it was the work of children. It is not impossible, however, that a chilly tramp took this risky way of toasting his toes.

THE WORKMEN.

An Editorial Scalp Lifted—Some Pleasing Speeches.

The Workingmen had a very lively meeting on Saturday night. The attention of several speakers was devoted almost wholly to the scalping of the editor of an evening paper which has been enthusiastically "furnishing" the toilers. Mr. Leeper was of the opinion that the journalist under torture was in all inward points a Chinaman, while all that was needed to make him a Mongolian outwardly was a tail. Mrs. Smith, the female Workingman and Kearneyite, viciously attacked the scribe, laid him cold and then mutilated the corpse after the most barbarous fashion. In her opinion the brain of the editor, if put into a peanut shell, would find room to roll around and rattle. This wild and attractive female advised everybody to subscribe for the *Irish World*, a New York weekly journal which she considered a true friend to the workingmen. The *Irish World* is an extremely entertaining periodical. Every week there is a full page illustration of Ireland pursuing John Bull, who never fails to be fleeing in terror. It was the organ of that pure patriot, O'Donovan Rossa, (a gentle man known in his youth in the town of Rossa as Jerry O'Donovan) in his efforts to raise the "skirmishing fund." The money thus raised—and there is a good deal of it—will, after the O'Donovan deducts his trifling commission, be used to blow up British towns and fortresses, with secretly applied dynamite. It will thus be seen that the *Irish World* is a paper after Kearney's own heart, and Mrs. S. shows wisdom in calling it a friend of the workingman. The vivandiere of the incendiary army announced that she would canvas for this peaceful family journal.

No business was transacted. Several powerful speeches, just dripping with the *eau de cologne* of oratory, were made, cheers were given in a general way and the meeting adjourned.

AT THE TRACK.

Some Good Horses in Training—Contemplated Improvements.

Several improvements are contemplated at the race track, among which the clearing the entrance of rocks, making new gates, and the general repair of buildings and grounds, have already been commenced. There are now at the track eighteen horses in active training. Norcross has six trotters, among which are A. K. Lamb's Washoe, Wm. Mooney's fine mare, Henry B., and Winters' gray gelding, said to be very promising. Quince Anderson has two trotters and four runners. Among these are Muggins, and M. C. Lake's running stable, consisting of Cousin Vic, a Monday colt, a Riferman three-year-old. Great things are predicted of these two youngsters. Jim Dyke has in charge the veteran trotter, who is well known as Tom Morgan or "The Blacksmith's Dream," and a pacing horse with a high sounding name. Joe French has three trotters, among which Pest, a young Nelson colt, is "threatened" with a great deal of speed. A. K. Lamb has gone to Sierra valley, after Overland, the well known running horse. The track is in fine condition and well fitted for every kind of exercise which is desirable in training horses. The entrance from the railroad to the grounds has been cleared of rocks. The work of preparing for the coming fair may be said to be fairly under way. With improvements to the track and the building of the pavilion during the present year, the State fair is without doubt a permanent institution for Reno. A large increase in the number of horses and stock may be looked for at an early day.

Comstock Politics.

Politicians down from Virginia assert that Batterman is making a strong fight to capture the Storey county delegation. The Democrats who watch the Comstock field and come down here to distill their poison are all hopeful of Batterman's nomination. He has the support of the military companies, and is, in their opinion, undoubtedly the superior of any of his opponents in organizing a campaign at the primaries. Daggett doesn't go much on that sort of thing and his friends do not seem to be up to managing the details of a fight. The air is full of all sorts of political prophecies. Nobody can tell just what is up, and notwithstanding the positiveness with which the political wise ones state their opinions there is not much use just at this juncture of wasting space in giving them.

Accident to Tom Norcross.

Tom Norcross, lessee of the fair grounds, was thrown out of a trotting wagon at the track last Wednesday, and hurt quite badly. He landed on his head, spraining his neck and jarring his whole body. The wheels passed over his head, cutting him in several places. He has been confined to bed for several days, but is now getting along all right.

TWO FOOLS.

A Maiden Goes to the Lake with a Bachelor and Comes Back Alone.

Everybody in Reno knows Julius Isaacs, of the firm of Gray & Isaacs, dry and fancy goods merchants, whose place of business is on Virginia street. Mr. Isaacs is, perhaps, one of the most entrancingly beautiful young men to be seen anywhere. He never appeared without carefully oiled brown side-whiskers, and his hair was studiously plastered down upon his brow and he wore a white vest. What more need be said? Is it necessary to say that his charms strewed the plains of Nevada with the insensible forms of susceptible females? Some two weeks ago this young and fascinating Hebrew decided that he would relieve his mind of the strain of business cares and relax at Lake Tahoe. To go alone was no fun and he had the audacity (although not much more than five feet tall) to

INVITE A YOUNG LADY

to accompany him. The name of the fortunate girl the GAZETTE knows but will not divulge, although she deserves the fullest publicity for her folly. She, after asking a few friends about the character of Mr. Isaacs and receiving quieting reports, consented to go with the gentleman to the lake and enjoy the pleasures of mountain life for a season. She ought to have known better. She didn't, however, and accepted the invitation of the young man. How she expected to be treated nobody but herself knows and the treatment she did receive is very delicate work for the reporter of a family journal like the GAZETTE to put on paper. It is perhaps enough to say that the unmarried couple arrived at Tahoe. The light-minded Isaacs looked upon the trip as being in the nature of a honeymoon. The young woman took no such unallowable view of the excursion, consequently

THERE WAS A ROW

at the hotel where they put up. Monsieur invaded the apartment of Mademoiselle. She attempted to fire him out. He urged that such an arrangement had been his sinful custom. She explained that the hair-pin factory in which she had been manufactured did not produce that class of goods. He was persistent. She shot him out and then appealed to the landlord. That destroyed the pleasure of the trip, for the young woman started for home next morning, and the depressed dry goods merchant was not there to see her off. He came home in a few days and was miserable, for the air was full of rumors of a brawny father, whose muscles were toughened by honest toil, and big brothers bent on assassination. These horrid reports became so unbearable that last night endurance became no longer possible. Mr. Grey, the partner of the weak-nerved Isaacs, pointed out that the store had for its patrons many ladies of respectability. Such conduct as that which had cast a gloom over the lake was not to be tolerated under the circumstances. The business couldn't stand it. Buy or sell was the alternative given the disappointed limneraper. He chose to sell. Last night he left for San Francisco on urgent business. To-day the notice of dissolution of co-partnership is published in the advertising columns of the GAZETTE. Now the town is worried in trying to decide which is the greater fool—the girl or Isaacs.

Chinese Cruelty.

Reno needs a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The manner in which they treat the animals they use for food is positively shocking. Two heathen Monday afternoon carried for several blocks a young hog in a way that made white people along their path shudder. The legs of the animal were tied together with thin rope, and the poor beast carried along on the shoulders of the coolies at the regulation trot. The hog suffered to the extent that it could not find breath to squeal, but hung with its mouth wide open and nearly insensitive. The rope cut into the skin.

A GAZETTE reporter made the wretches along the porker down, and would have arrested both, but was informed by a county official that "there was no money in it," as the Chinamen would not pay their fines, and their conviction would be merely an expense to the county. Not being regularly engaged in the chivalric occupation of rescuing hogs in distress, the reporter forewent his intention, and the brutal Chinamen re-shouldered their panting burden and jogged off with him to merciful slaughter.

Partnership Dissolved.

The firm of Gray & Isaacs is no longer in existence. Mr. Isaacs has withdrawn and in future Mr. Gray will conduct the business, which is a prosperous one. Mr. Gray wishes to return thanks for the liberal patronage which the establishment has received. There is no reason why it should not be continued. Mr. Gray is a thorough business man and always treats his customers well.

PYRAMID DISTRICT.

What is Being Done at the Camp Jones & Kinkead—Other Mines.

Monday a GAZETTE reporter visited the Pyramid mining district, and took a run through the mines. We noticed very little change in the outward appearance of things since our last trip, but by prying around we found that active, well-directed work in the mines goes rapidly forward. At the camp at the base of the hill of the Jones & Kinkead, Mr. Munroe is erecting a frame hotel 24x42, and two and a half stories high. It will be completed in about one month. However the dedication will be provided for in two or three weeks, at which time Reno is expected to contribute a number of couples. The walls, Munroe says, "must echo to the tread of the delighted dancer." We found quite a little colony at Jonesville, the home of several families and a larger number of miners, employees at three mines in the immediate vicinity. Taking a little severe exercise we ascended the Jones' hill and gazed sagely, so thought, at the ore, etc., of the

JONES & KINKEAD MINE.

As our citizens are particularly interested in this mine, we shall speak of it at greater length than of the other claims, the owners of which, it may be remarked, are also deeply interested in the developments of the J. & K. The ledge, it will be remembered, runs nearly in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction. A rich body of ore in this ledge was taken from the 330-foot level, and with a quantity of ore from the 300-foot level was milled at the Auburn mill near town. This ore, in amount aggregating over 200 tons, gave an average yield of about \$47 to the ton, producing between \$9000 and \$10,000 worth of bullion. Messrs. Jones & Kinkead were greatly encouraged at this satisfactory result, and resolved to vigorously develop their valuable mine. A contract was let to Messrs. Williams & Alexander to run a 1000-foot tunnel to intersect the ledge at a point 600 feet, northwest of the shaft. The preliminary work for the tunnel has been completed, and yesterday morning the contractors commenced the real work. A job of one year's labor lies before them. While this tunnel is being run the lateral drift along the ledge from the 330-foot level is being carried forward. From the shaft a cross-cut has been made over fifty feet in a line, that this drift has been extended forward. The tunnel will strike the ledge about 540 feet below the surface, or 140 feet below the lowest level of the mine; also at a point near the middle of the claim, the shaft being at the southeast end of the location. The ore which is now brought to the surface is probably not as rich as that which has been taken out on the same level, but of this the reader may know more in a few days, as samples have been placed in the hands of an assayer. There are six men at work in the mine, and two at the tunnel.

We possess little knowledge of mining, and are therefore incompetent to express an opinion in reference to the prospects of this mine. We have presented the facts and the reader can form his own conclusions. However, each one has a few latent or covert reasons for his own impressions, and it is human nature to assert an opinion even with the dignity approximating one who is possessed of full data and has in addition, the ability to voice a correct judgment. We believe that the Jones & Kinkead mine is a fine mine, and that before another twelve months that those who hold its stock will not regret that they have continued to hold it. We can not say whether there will be assessments or not, but there should, however, be a ten cent assessment levied at the work of development of this mine, not in the least embarrassed.

CROWN PRINCE.

The tunnel is now in 110 feet. There are four men at work on this claim, and the progress now made is about four feet in twenty-four hours. Sunday afternoon a ledge was intersected, the dimensions of which are unknown. The ore in this vein, or perhaps more correctly speaking feed, is very base, being made up of iron sulphides. In character it somewhat resembles that of the Golden Fleece or the East Brooklyn mine. The original presumption was that no one body would be encountered short of 300 feet from the mouth of the tunnel. It is now thought that a large ledge lies at a short distance from the face of the tunnel.

Two men are sinking a shaft on the Fiery Dragon, a claim nearly half a mile southeast of the Crown Prince.

The prospects are good, but as the shaft is only down about fifteen feet little can be said of the mine as yet. This claim is the property of John Mullens. A fifty-foot shaft has been sunk on the Sherman, but for a special reason work has been

YELLOW FEVER.

The Scourge Increasing to an Alarming Extent.

MEMPHIS, August 24.—The fever is largely on the increase and matters look quite panicky again this morning, the applications from the poor to be sent out of the city being great. For the twenty-four hours ending at noon 105 new cases have been reported and fifteen deaths. Of the new cases about seventy-five have been reported this morning. The scarcity of nurses is beginning to be felt.

To-day the number of new cases of yellow fever reported is nearly double that of any previous day, the total for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p.m. being 106, and the deaths for the same time being fifteen. The large increase becoming known at noon created something of a panic among those who had determined to brave it out, and many wavered in their resolution and left the city by rail this evening. The Howards have had more than they could attend to and to-day experienced some difficulty in supplying nurses for the sick. The increase of the fever to-day has brought more laborers into the field, and the Old Fellows, Masons and Knights of Honor orders and workingmen's relief boards find their time pretty well occupied in caring for the sick and destitute.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 23.—The citizens' committee to-day collected \$2030, besides a large quantity of provisions, in aid of the cities afflicted with the yellow fever.

NEW ORLEANS, August 24.—New cases to-day, 183; deaths, 42. Hugh Irvine, chief operator of the Western Union telegraph office in this city, died this morning of yellow fever, after six days' illness.

New York, August 24.—The Chamber of Commerce relief committee up to noon to-day had received \$1900 for the yellow fever sufferers.

CHICAGO, August 24.—Subscriptions aggregating \$2300 were made on the Board of Trade this morning for the benefit of the yellow fever cities of the South.

CINCINNATI, August 24.—A bale of cotton donated by the steamer James D. Parker was sold on Change to-day for \$300. This will be sent to aid the sufferers at Memphis.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., August 24. There are six cases of yellow fever here, all refugees. The Jackson Board of Health has designated Holly Springs as one of the infected points and quarantined its mail matter.

ST. LOUIS, August 24.—The fund for the fever sufferers in the South has increased to about \$5000.

MEMPHIS, August 24.—A special to the *Appeal* from Grenada says: The appeals for nurses to-day, which could not be answered, were heartrending. Whole families are down without a soul to aid them. The fifty brave nurses on duty have more than an average of two patients apiece. Abundant supplies of provisions from neighboring towns come in daily, and funds are now being received quite liberally. Good nurses are now the greatest need.

Negotiations with Indian Tribes.

UMATILLA (Or.), August 24.—General Howard and Governor Chadwick, with their respective staff officers, passed through Umatilla to-day enroute to the Umatilla Agency. A general council of military and civil authorities and the Umatilla Agency and the Columbia River Indians is to be held there on the 26th instant, to effect if possible, a settlement of existing difficulties between citizens and Indians. Those Indians guilty of crime during the Bannock outbreak will probably be identified and properly dealt with. Early next week Captain Whipple of the First Cavalry will go alone into the country of Chief Moses and Smohalla, to make a report of the situation there, which is constantly reported as becoming more critical.

Gilmores Trouble in Europe.

NEW YORK, August 24.—A gentleman connected with Gilmores band just returned from Europe says the tour was a musical success, but a financial failure. The persons instructed with the business management are incompetent. In England and Scotland their concerts were profitable. The troubles began on the Continent. When the band reached Paris their funds were exhausted. Gilmores sought the assistance of the American Consul and Mr. Mackay. The former secured a half and the latter lent Gilmore \$3000, which enabled the band to pay expenses and leave Paris and visit Belgium and Germany. The band was cheated by the agent and the tour proved disastrous. It is understood that Mr. Mackay pays their expenses home.

Sutro Tunnel.

During last week the header of the Sutro tunnel has been advanced seventy-six feet, making its total length 20,397 feet. This week the temperature of the rock in the drill hole is but 106 degrees. This shows, according to the *Enterprise*, that the header is passing into the west country formation and beyond the heating influence of the lime and other minerals contained in the material forming the Comstock lode.

KEARNEY AND THE BISHOP.

The Interview Grossly Exaggerated—What the Bishop's Brother Says of It.

NEW YORK, August 26.—Relative to the alleged interview between Kearney and Archbishop Purcell at Cincinnati, sent to the *Chronicle* yesterday, a *Herald* reporter called at the Archbishop's residence to-night to ascertain from the venerable prelate himself, if possible, whether the account of the interview represented him correctly.

Bishop Purcell had retired for the night and his attendant would not permit him to be awakened, but Father Edward Purcell, his brother, who is also an inmate of the Archepiscopal palace, after reading it, said it was grossly exaggerated.

He admitted that Kearney had called with his secretary yes-

terday morning, and saw the Bishop alone, and had complained of an article charging him with Orangeism; but so far from the Bishop giving any countenance to his doctrine, that was all false.

On the other hand, the Bishop had rebuked him severely for stirring up the passions of people, and thus inciting them to mob violence and possibly bloodshed, and urged him to cease it.

The interview, Father Edward Purcell says, was a short one, not lasting more than five minutes,

and the Bishop would never have permitted any one to address such language to him as it puts in Kearney's mouth, without ordering him out of doors.

Illicit Distillers.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 24.—Revenue officers report an engagement with an armed band of illicit distillers in Overton County, headed by Campbell Morgan at 6 p.m. yesterday. The revenue officers were under fire forty-five minutes, and Phillips, Pippins and Smith were wounded. Commissioner Raum has given Collector Woodcock authority to send enough men to capture the entire band, and he is now getting up a posse for that purpose.

Ayres and Strain arrived here this evening from nine miles north of Cookeville, in Overton County, where the fight of yesterday occurred between illicit distillers and twelve revenue officers, and they say they were about to put up for the night when they were unexpectedly fired into by twenty or thirty men.

A regular skirmish ensued, in which Phillips was shot through the left side (believed to be mortally wounded), Pippins under the right eye and Smith in the left arm. One illicit distiller was seen to fall. They were sent here by Davis for reinforcements. When they left the firing was still going on and news of the result is awaited. Eighteen armed men went from here to-night to reinforce Special Deputy Collector Davis. Two illicit distilleries have just been broken up in Lawrence and Overton Counties.

Suicide of Cy Hawley.

CASON Appeal of Sunday: News reached here yesterday from Hank Martin's wood camp that Cy Hawley, an old stage driver widely known as an experienced reinsman, ended a prolonged spree yesterday morning by shooting himself through the bowels with a pistol. He got up, took a cup of coffee and then taking out his pistol, cocked it and presented it at the head of one of the bystanders. In another moment, laughing at the fear betrayed by this person, and avowing that he meant to kill himself good, discharged a shot into his abdomen, then cocking it again put the weapon to his head and snapped it. The charge was not exploded and no wound was inflicted. If, as is stated, the shot aimed at the bowels, penetrated that vital part, Cy's chances of recovery are very slim.

P.S.—Poor Cy died yesterday about noon. An inquest is to be held to-day, we believe.

The Germantown Murderers.

R. B. Hall, a San Francisco detective, disguised as a farm laborer, has been spending two weeks in Germantown, Colusa county, obtaining evidence concerning the perpetrators of the German, Mutchler, who was lynched there a few months ago. The result was that on Friday last Hall had gathered sufficient information to warrant the arrest of six persons. He went to Colusa, obtained the warrants and the assistance of the Sheriff, and returning to Germantown arrested Holmes, Fuller, Kelly and Hanson, also two others, names unknown. A warrant is also out for Thomas Thompson, who has left, it is thought, for Marysville.

The Bodie Mine.

Wm. M. Lent, of the Bodie mine, was yesterday on the Comstock, and received a dispatch informing him that \$50,000 more had been shipped, with bullion on hand to the value of \$40,000, and two days' run yet to make, which would yield \$30,000, giving a grand total of \$620,000 for the month. This, Mr. Lent says, has been extracted at cost of but \$30,000. His dispatch states also that ore of finest character is still being developed in the various directions in which explorations are in progress. Nominally weakened has been shown by the bonanza in any part where openings have been made.—*Gold Hill News*.

CALIFORNIA BRIEFS.

The grape crop of Los Angeles will be smaller than usual this year. The *Express* attributes this to the drought of last year.

Preparations for the State and district fairs are going forward briskly. The State fair premiums amount to \$50,000. There are also some gold medals in the different departments.

The assessable property of San Francisco has been returned to the State Board of Equalization as \$244,476,470. Last year the amount was \$254,867,050, a falling off of over ten million dollars.

The apple and pear crop this year of Sacramento, San Joaquin and adjacent counties appears to be very much injured in quality and lessened in quantity by rot and the ravages of worms.

On the 1st of September the new section of railroad between Martinez and Antioch will be ready for the trains, when all the overland, San Joaquin valley and Southern Pacific traffics will be turned on the line from the Livermore route, to the great saving of time and operating costs.

Near the town of Fresno there are over 25,000 orange and lemon trees, which will come into bearing next year, besides numerous vineyards and extensive orchards of peaches, apricots, figs, prunes, bananas, and, in fact, fruits of almost every known variety. Formerly, Fresno county was regarded as a tract of desert land.

Concerning the experiment made in fruit curing by a cold air blast at the Placerville foundry last week, the *Conte Costa Gazette* coincides with the *Beacon* in the opinion that it will prove of great importance, having such decided advantages in point of economy and convenience over the various artificial heat evaporating processes.

Lazzaretti, the Grosotto Fanatic, Encounters the Police.

LONDON, Aug. 28th. The Rome correspondent of the *Times* gives an account of the Grosotto fanatic, and the circumstances under which he was wounded. Lazzaretti, declared himself to be Christ come again, and had his Apostles. On the 18th instant the prophet, at the head of about 2500 followers, started for the village of Arcidosso. His purpose, it is said, was not peaceful. A hundred believers, dressed in white tunics, like ancient Jewish priests, led the column. At the head walked David, the saint, attired in half regal, half-painted costume, with a diadem on his head and an iron studded club in hand. The procession sang a hymn with the refrain, "Long live God and the Christian republic." Praise be to Christ come a second time on earth."

The mob was met half way by a delegate of the police, accompanied by nine carbineers, who asked them to disperse. Upon this David cried, "I am king," and ordered his followers to disarm the soldiers. As he spoke, the police were fired upon, and a shower of stones followed.

Again the police delegate gave the requisite warning to disperse, which was followed by the prophet aiming a blow at his head with his club.

The police finding themselves surrounded, opened fire, and among the first to fall was the prophet shot full in the forehead. His followers seeing their leader down, gave way. Lazzaretti, at first reported dead, proves to have been only seriously wounded, and is still alive.

The Tullis Murder Case.

SACRAMENTO, August 25.—There is little new in the Dye conspiracy and murder case. A gentleman living near Courtland called at the jail on Saturday, and identified Anderson as one of the men in the boat which went down the river on the day of the Tullis murder. He talked with Anderson, and called his attention to facts until Anderson admitted that he had seen the citizen at the particular point where the latter claimed he saw him. The citizen then asked Anderson, "Where is that calico hat you wore when in the boat?" Anderson replied, turning to Attorney Jones, "Yes, I did wear a calico hat, and if you want to go to Dy's saloon, and in a small trunk there, you will find it." Mr. Jones made the search and found the hat. These facts all go, as do others, to corroborate Anderson's story and show his confession on all material points to be true. It having been asked why this county elected Dye Public Administrator when he was keeping a low saloon, it is fair to state that when Dye was elected he was not in that business. He was, and had been for some time, proprietor of a meat market, corner of Tenth and K streets, and had nearly always lived in the country, and claimed his residence there. He was nominated as a representative of the agricultural districts, and was held to be an agricultural resident, and as such made the canvass.

The report of the Rhodope Commission has been signed by the British, French, Italian and Turkish delegates.

The Russian and German delegates refused to sign.

President Hayes will leave Washington on the 30th for Fremont, Ohio, Chicago, St. Paul and New Brunswick.

A STRANGE STORY

Of Clandestine Marriage, Arson, Attempted Murder and Suicide.

[S. F. Bulletin of Tuesday.]

About 8 o'clock this morning officers Jones and Peekenah went to the Brooklyn hotel to arrest a man named A. H. Manson on a charge of arson and assault to murder. Officer Jones knocked at the door and calling him by name demanded admittance. Immediately a shot was heard in the room and officer Peekenah forced the door open. Manson was found inside lying across a chair, bleeding from wounds in the head, and near him was an IXL revolver, with four chambers empty. He was fully dressed, except his coat.

He breathed about an hour and then his eyes closed in death. An examination was made, when it was ascertained that the ball had entered the right temple, passing through the head and out the opposite side, thence through a window opening into the hall, struck the wall on the opposite side and fell to the floor.

Sheriff Green, of San Mateo, throws the following light upon the tragedy: It seems that for eight years past Manson had been living in San Mateo and was employed by Miss L. A. Buckmaster, Principal of the Laurel Hall Seminary for young ladies, to do carpenter work at the establishment. In 1876 Miss Buckmaster visited the Exposition at Philadelphia. Manson also went East. They met in Philadelphia, and on the 4th of July they were married, but kept their union a secret from their friends. The following winter Manson returned to San Mateo and went to work building a cottage on the Seminary grounds.

Mrs. Mason, who was only known to her friends as Miss Buckmaster, returned to the spring. In the meantime Manson became addicted to immoderate use of ardent spirits, and fearing the bad influence of his presence upon her pupils, Miss Buckmaster induced him to go away from the Seminary. Although she aided him peculiarly, he was much dissatisfied with their relations in life, and disputes and difficulties occurred between them from time to time.

About 8 o'clock on Sunday evening last, Manson entered Walker's hotel at San Mateo, took a drink and then left. A little past 10 o'clock in the evening Mrs. Manson was awakened from sleep and was surprised to find her husband in the room. He called her attention to the fact that one of the outbuildings of the institution was on fire, and the light from the burning building streamed through her bed-room window. At the same moment he said something to this effect: "We will end the whole thing right here" and drawing a revolver placed it in close proximity to her arm and fired. The ball only grazed the skin, but the powder burned her night-dress. He then placed it against her breast and fired again. The ball did not touch her person, but her night-clothes were scorched. At this point Mrs. Manson broke loose and ran out of doors and down to a creek, forming the boundary of the property of Sheriff Green. The effect of the shots was to create the greatest consternation among the inmates of the building, likened to which by Toby Rosenthal's *Seminary Alarmed* was not a circumstance worth mentioning. The screams of Mrs. Manson soon brought her neighbors to the rescue, and they succeeded in confining the flames to the outbuilding. During the excitement Manson made his escape. He was traced to this city, a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of officers Jones and Peekenah, with the result above stated. It is supposed that Manson set fire to the outbuildings before he attempted to murder his wife. The deceased was about 40 years of age.

Sutro Tunnel.

The following special dispatch of the 27th from Sutro is full of interest: Yesterday morning ground was broken for a south lateral branch of the Sutro tunnel at a point 19,715 feet from the tunnel entrance. This branch will be of the same dimensions as the main tunnel, eight feet in height by ten feet in width, and will be extended first to the Julia mine, and from thence southerly to Gold Hill and Gold Canyon, while the other branch will diverge in the neighborhood of the Belcher mine towards American Flat. The north lateral branch will be commenced as soon as full understanding is arrived at with the bonanza and other mines. The distance to the Julia mine is precisely 1400 feet, and since work will be commenced from its shaft it is expected that connection can be made by the first of December next.

Anticipating Better Times.

NEW YORK, August 27.—A *Tribune* reporter has interviewed Vanderbilt. The latter anticipates a revival of business in the fall. He says the New York Central has ordered 800 new cars and the Erie 2000, to meet expected demands. He declares that he does not wish to injure any other road or the Erie car, and would not have the latter closed if he could.

Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, denies that he offered to resign if Gov. Hampton would guarantee him immunity from punishment.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The damage by the tornado in Minnesota on the 25th, amounted to about \$20,000.

The National Agricultural Congress began its annual session at New Haven on the 27th.

Postmaster General Key and party left Chicago, on the 27th, en route to California.

There were fifty-two petitions in bankruptcy filed in Chicago on the 27th instant.

The London *Times* says that England will never again guarantee a Turkish loan, or help to raise one.

The bill against the Socialists, adopted by the German Federal Council, empowers the police to prohibit Socialist organizations.

The vice-Burgomaster of the Pest (Hungary) district has been suspended for refusing to supply horses for the military transport wagons.

Peter Cooper says that Kearney did not go East in the interest of the National party, and thinks, also, that he has damaged its cause by his impudent speech.

A United States Marshal has started out to arrest Colonel Martinez and thirty of his followers for violating the neutrality law by raising troops in Texas with which to invade Mexico last May.

Jack O'Hara, with three others, attempted to jump the Black Hawk claim at Bodie on the 27th, and Jack was mortally wounded by the employees of the company.

The United States Attorney telegrams from Greenville, S. C.: "The jury has rendered a verdict of guilty against the Redmond gang. The Court is with me." Redmond refuses to surrender.

Adeline Gray, the girl of 13 who was shot in San Francisco on the 26th by Baker, the amorous dishwasher, is much improved in condition, and in a fair way to recover, the bullet having probably lodged in the muscles of the back.

Stage Robber Killed.

TUCSON, August 27.—The mail robber who has manipulated so many stages in Northern and Southern Arizona, and in Mexico, was killed by a Sheriff's posse, three and a half miles south of Tucson, last evening, about 8 o'clock. His name was William Brazleton. He was six feet tall, had blue eyes, and weighed 190 pounds.

A confederate furnished information to the authorities, that he would be at a certain place at the time. The mask and other well-known disguises, a gold watch and chain and other articles, taken from passengers at different times were on his person, but no money. It is supposed the money is hid near town. There is most positive evidence of his guilt in a large number of stage robberies. His betrayer makes a clean breast of the whole affair and gives startling accounts. Great excitement here. He is the man who robbed the stage between Antelope and Wickenburg, and made Ed. Peck open the treasure box and Dan Thorne cut the mail bags. He was not concerned in the recent stage robberies near Picachio Station and Mariposa Wells. These latter were committed by four Mexicans. Deputy United States Marshal Evans is now in Sonora, in close pursuit of them.

New Patents.

Breuner's

FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

Nos. 166, 168 & 170,

K Street Sacramento, Cal.

THIS FURNITURE STORE ROOM IS
the largest on the coast, having a frontage
of sixty feet and one hundred and twenty
deep, and filled with the finest assortment of

HOME MANUFACTURED AND

Imported Chamber Suites,

In Pine, Oak, Maple, Mahogany, Rose-
wood and Solid Walnut.

PARLOR WORK OF ALL DE-

SCRIPTIONS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF

Hair Top and Spring Mattresses

A SPECIALTY.

Received gold medal from the California
State Fair Association for the best exhibit in
1875, and the silver medal for the best display
of Furniture at the Nevada State Fair for 1876.

Hotel keepers and others are specially
invited to examine this extensive stock, which
I am now offering at prices.

THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

STEINWAY

PIANOS

Received the Highest Award

AT THE

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

AT PHILADELPHIA.

GRANDS!

SQUARES!

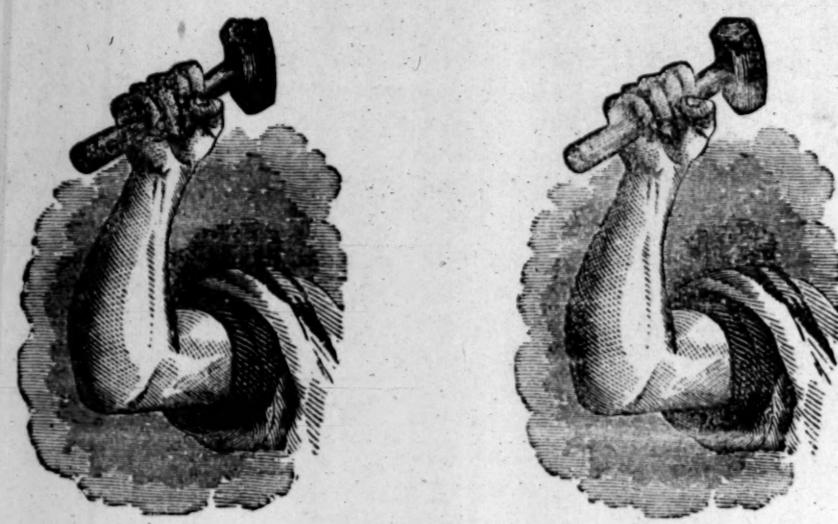
UPRIGHTS!

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF NEW
Styles. Prices from \$475 to \$1200. For
sale for cash or on the installment plan. Illus-
trated catalogues mailed on application
to

Matthias Gray,

105 Kearny Street.

MECHANICS' STORE AGAIN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.



WHY THE PUBLIC

Should do their Trading at the

Mechanics' Store!

Because we can and do

UNDERSELL ANY HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

We Have But One Price.

We place the poorest judge of goods on the same level as the closest and sharpest buyer. We carry the largest stock of goods of any store in Sacramento. Customers can find a full line of the following goods:

SILK DRESS GOODS, CALICOES,

Muslins, Sheetings, Towels, Hosiery,

LADIES' FANCY GOODS.

Fine Dress Suits, Business Suits, Working Suits, full line of Hats, Boys Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Overshirts, Undershirts, White Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Fine Cussimere Dress Pants, Overalls, Blankets, Trunks, Working Pants, Cutlery, Hunting Coats, Valises, Umbrellas, etc.

REMEMBER our store is nearly a quarter of a block in extent, and is heavily stocked with goods from door to ceiling. We fill orders to any part of California, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Washington Territory, and Utah. Samples of try goods sent to any address free for the money as a person coming to our store. We publish a Price List and Story Paper which we shall free to any address. An order for 25 cents worth of goods will be filled with as much care as one of hundreds of dollars.

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NOS. 98, 100, 102, 104, & 106 K STREET, SACRAMENTO
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H. WACHHORST

—HAS AN—

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES,

Elegant Jewelry,

AND DIAMONDS.

AND IS IN RECEIPT OF NEW GOODS DAILY
direct from factories, with whom he has
formed business connections
in the East.

GRAND REDUCTION FROM FORMER PRICES, AT WACHHORST'S

Sign of the Town Clock, 79 J Street, between Third and Fourth, North Side,

SACRAMENTO.

Compare the quality of my goods and the price of the same before purchasing
elsewhere.

Country Orders Promptly Attended to. Repairing in all its branches
[3 29-6m] Neatly Done.

Buy Only

THE NEW AMERICAN

It is the only SEWING MACHINE which has a

SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE.

It Has Self-Setting Needle.
Never Breaks the Thread.
Never Skips Stitches.

Is the Lightest Running

The Simplest, Most Durable, and in Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine

The "NEW AMERICAN" is easily learned, does not get out of order, and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application

AGENTS WANTED.

S. B. KNOX, Manager, Office and Salesroom, 1216 Market St., San Francisco.

S. N. DAVIDSON, AGENT, Reno.

SIMMOND'S NABOB WHISKY.

A GREAT REMEDY.

SIMMOND'S N A B O B W H I S K Y .

—FOR—

Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness.

The Purest and Best

—FOR ALL—

Medicinal and Family Purposes.

HAS BEEN SOLD IN ALL THE EASTERN STATES AND GIVEN UNIVERSAL satisfaction. It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by certificates of the eminent DR. J. HAYES, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and DR. H. C. LOUDERBACK of St. Louis, Mo., both well known and eminent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons, from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded, as a family remedy and tonic.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent diseases of this country, and many reasons why it has been so frequent said that people work too much, too fast, sleep too little, tax the powers of nerve and brain too incisively, drink too much ice water, eat too much hot bread,

smoke too much tobacco, give way to too much excitement, and consequently play themselves out in the shortest possible time. The result is that the nervous system fails to get the rest it needs, and causes a large number of persons to feel the effects of dyspepsia.

It is the purest and best medicine for all cases of nervousness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc.

As might be expected under the circumstances, a large number of specific to successfully counteract these diseases have been introduced to the attention of the public, but nearly all have failed to any great extent.

Whenever, therefore, a physician prescribes a medicine, it is a good idea to ask him what it is.

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